

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY COMMENCES TO-DAY. (See Page 10.)

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 553.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

NAVAL FESTIVITIES AT COWES: SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



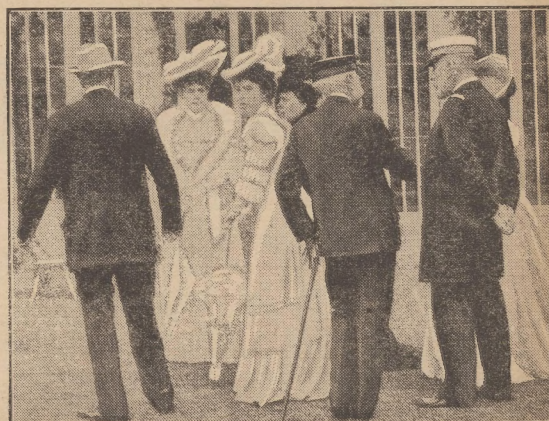
Admiral Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, saluting Vice-Admiral Caillard, Commander of the French Northern Squadron, on leaving the flagship Masséna, after paying his official visit of greeting.



Snapshot taken at Lady Gort's garden-party in honour of the French naval officers at East Cowes Castle. The group in the centre of the photograph includes Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Miss Minnie Cochrane (lady-in-waiting to Princess Henry), and Princess Ema of Battenberg, in the order named going from left to right. On the extreme right is Vice-Admiral Caillard.



King Edward on board the Britannia, in which his Majesty went for a sail through the throng of warships and yachts in the Solent. The Britannia was for several years the crack racer of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and carried the King's colours to victory in many a well-contested struggle.



Lady Gort, the hostess of the garden-party at East Cowes Castle, and her most notable guest, Vice-Admiral Caillard. Lady Gort is in the centre of the photograph, the foremost of the two ladies in white costumes, and the Admiral will be noticed more to the right.

BIRTHS.

BARLOW—On August 7, at 18, Cottlemore-gardens, the wife of Robert W. Barlow, of 13, St. Vincent.

HILLY—On the 7th inst., at the Lodge, Ladbrooke-road, W., the wife of Major H. M. Hill, The Buffs, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

DODGE-LOUIS, Elizabeth, 8, Grace Dodge, divorced wife of Charles Dodge, of Plath, Essex, to George Louis.

DEATHS.

BAKER—On the 7th inst. (the eve of his 21st birthday), Michael Frederick Sheraton Baker, Church College, Cambridge, youngest son of Judge Sir Sheraton Baker, Bart.

PERSONAL.

ZEPHYR—Soft breezes, but never a storm. Still waiting. **TRD** "Daily Mirror" will be forwarded post free daily for 6d. a week to any address in the United Kingdom. Address "The Publisher," 12, Whitefriars-Lane, London, E.C.

* * The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per line. First-Address, Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-Lane, London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3.0, 6.0, and 9.0. All seats in all parts of the theatre reserved. Special address of the company all postal applications for seats.
PRICES: Boxes 2s. 6d., 11s. 6d., and 13s.; Panto-tickets 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; Stalls 4s., 3s., and 2s.; Telephone No. 7, 659. General Admission, 6d. to 12s. 6d. Children under 12 half-price to all Pantomime and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.
CONTINUATION OF THE GREAT BANK HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.
Colonial and Indian Exhibition.
Representative Dancers from all parts of the World.
GREAT SOLO ANIMAL CAMPS.
Displays by Native Wild Beasts, 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30.
CAPE CHANTANT, 4.0 and 6.0.
The famous "Tiger" and "Lion" taming.
GREAT FIREWORK DISPLAY BY BROOK TONIGHT, at 8.45.

Table of Hotel Lunches and Dinners in the new Dining Rooms overlooking the grounds and firework displays. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Circular Appointment.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS "HENGERS."
EXPERIENCED ARTISTS. Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily 3.0 and 8.00. Price of 6d. Children half-price. Telephone 4159. Grand Family Jubilee. "City" held at Home. Daily.

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Admission 1s.
Naval Construction, Armaments, and Fisheries.
NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS.
Fishing Vessels, Working Models, "Victory," "Glorious," and "HMS IRISH GUARDS."

BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS.
EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.
On board the "HMS Victoria."

Real Batteries of 47 Guns. Boats and Boats. The Cruiser "HMS Victoria," a crew of 1500. Handsome display of Trafalgar. Our Navy. Captive Fish. Steam Machine. Handmade and Illustrated. Bismarck. Haunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fight. Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tillikum Canoe.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.
POLYTECHNIC HOLIDAY TOURS.
WEEK IN SWITZERLAND six guineas.
A fortnight for seven guineas.
LUCERNE, GRINDELWALD, ZERMATT, CHAMOUNIX.
WEEK IN PARIS, including excursions in Paris, to Vincennes, to Versailles, etc., 41 guineas.
WEEKS ON THE SWISS LAKE, excellent excursions, 42 guineas.
WEEK IN HOLLAND, 41 guineas.
WEEK IN SCOTLAND for 3 guineas.
WEEK IN NORWICH, 3 guineas.
SPECIAL Reduced Rates to London.
Special Reduced Rates to London.

POLYTECHNIC SCOTCH EXCURSIONS.
Every Saturday, at Noon, from King's Cross.
Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Glasgow.
By Daylight "Overland" and "Glasgow" train.
Tickets from THE POLYTECHNIC, 25, Abchurch Lane, W., or at any Great Northern Offices.

LONDON WILSON LINE Inclusive TOURS.
To First Class: 10 days, 8/6s. 17 days, 11/6s. To Second Class: 10 days, 7/6s. 17 days, 10/6s. To Third Class: 10 days, 6/6s. 17 days, 9/6s. From LONDON to SHIPING CO., Ltd., 100, Fenchurch-st., E.C.

BELLE SAUNTERS.
FROM FRESH WHARF, LONDON BRIDGE.
DAILY SAILINGS to London.
9.15.—TO SOUTHERN, CLATCH, WALTON, HARWICH, IPSWICH, Fenchurch, 10.14; St. Pancras (Friday) excepted, 9.22 Sunday (Friday) excepted, 9.22.
9.30.—TO MARGATE AND RAMSGATE, Fenchurch, 10.28 (Sundays) 10.18; St. Pancras (Friday) excepted, 9.22 (Sundays) 9.55.
9.45.—(Friday) excepted to WALTON, FELIXSTOWE, SOUTHWICH, LOWESTOFT, GORLEIGH, 9.56.
MOUTH direct, St. Pancras, 9.22 (Sundays) 9.56.
9.55.—Monday and Tuesday to HERNE Bay, and Sheerness for Minter-on-Sea.
9.30.—SUNDAY SPECIAL EXPRESS TRIP TO FELIXSTOWE and back to LONDON, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday.
2.0.—HUSBANDS' BOAT to MARGATE on Saturdays, Fenchurch, 2.40.
Bills of Lading, at Walbrook, E.C.

VISIT OF THE FRENCH FLEET.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 12th.
COOK'S EXPRESS EXCURSION will leave LONDON Bridge 7.50 a.m. Victoria, 7.55 a.m.
Pares PORTSMOUTH, 10.40. 2.5d. 3.5d. 5d. 6d. 8d. 10d. 12d. 14d. 16d. 18d. 20d. 22d. 24d. 26d. 28d. 30d. 32d. 34d. 36d. 38d. 40d. 42d. 44d. 46d. 48d. 50d. 52d. 54d. 56d. 58d. 60d. 62d. 64d. 66d. 68d. 70d. 72d. 74d. 76d. 78d. 80d. 82d. 84d. 86d. 88d. 90d. 92d. 94d. 96d. 98d. 100d. 102d. 104d. 106d. 108d. 110d. 112d. 114d. 116d. 118d. 120d. 122d. 124d. 126d. 128d. 130d. 132d. 134d. 136d. 138d. 140d. 142d. 144d. 146d. 148d. 150d. 152d. 154d. 156d. 158d. 160d. 162d. 164d. 166d. 168d. 170d. 172d. 174d. 176d. 178d. 180d. 182d. 184d. 186d. 188d. 190d. 192d. 194d. 196d. 198d. 200d. 202d. 204d. 206d. 208d. 210d. 212d. 214d. 216d. 218d. 220d. 222d. 224d. 226d. 228d. 230d. 232d. 234d. 236d. 238d. 240d. 242d. 244d. 246d. 248d. 250d. 252d. 254d. 256d. 258d. 260d. 262d. 264d. 266d. 268d. 270d. 272d. 274d. 276d. 278d. 280d. 282d. 284d. 286d. 288d. 290d. 292d. 294d. 296d. 298d. 300d. 302d. 304d. 306d. 308d. 310d. 312d. 314d. 316d. 318d. 320d. 322d. 324d. 326d. 328d. 330d. 332d. 334d. 336d. 338d. 340d. 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674d. 676d. 678d. 680d. 682d. 684d. 686d. 688d. 690d. 692d. 694d. 696d. 698d. 700d. 702d. 704d. 706d. 708d. 710d. 712d. 714d. 716d. 718d. 720d. 722d. 724d. 726d. 728d. 730d. 732d. 734d. 736d. 738d. 740d. 742d. 744d. 746d. 748d. 750d. 752d. 754d. 756d. 758d. 760d. 762d. 764d. 766d. 768d. 770d. 772d. 774d. 776d. 778d. 780d. 782d. 784d. 786d. 788d. 790d. 792d. 794d. 796d. 798d. 800d. 802d. 804d. 806d. 808d. 810d. 812d. 814d. 816d. 818d. 820d. 822d. 824d. 826d. 828d. 830d. 832d. 834d. 836d. 838d. 840d. 842d. 844d. 846d. 848d. 850d. 852d. 854d. 856d. 858d. 860d. 862d. 864d. 866d. 868d. 870d. 872d. 874d. 876d. 878d. 880d. 882d. 884d. 886d. 888d. 890d. 892d. 894d. 896d. 898d. 900d. 902d. 904d. 906d. 908d. 910d. 912d. 914d. 916d. 918d. 920d. 922d. 924d. 926d. 928d. 930d. 932d. 934d. 936d. 938d. 940d. 942d. 944d. 946d. 948d. 950d. 952d. 954d. 956d. 958d. 960d. 962d. 964d. 966d. 968d. 970d. 972d. 974d. 976d. 978d. 980d. 982d. 984d. 986d. 988d. 990d. 992d. 994d. 996d. 998d. 1000d. 1002d. 1004d. 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1578d. 1580d. 1582d. 1584d. 1586d. 1588d. 1590d. 1592d. 1594d. 1596d. 1598d. 1600d. 1602d. 1604d. 1606d. 1608d. 1610d. 1612d. 1614d. 1616d. 1618d. 1620d. 1622d. 1624d. 1626d. 1628d. 1630d. 1632d. 1634d. 1636d. 1638d. 1640d. 1642d. 1644d. 1646d. 1648d. 1650d. 1652d. 1654d. 1656d. 1658d. 1660d. 1662d. 1664d. 1666d. 1668d. 1670d. 1672d. 1674d. 1676d. 1678d. 1680d. 1682d. 1684d. 1686d. 1688d. 1690d. 1692d. 1694d. 1696d. 1698d. 1700d. 1702d. 1704d. 1706d. 1708d. 1710d. 1712d. 1714d. 1716d. 1718d. 1720d. 1722d. 1724d. 1726d. 1728d. 1730d. 1732d. 1734d. 1736d. 1738d. 1740d. 1742d. 1744d. 1746d. 1748d. 1750d. 1752d. 1754d. 1756d. 1758d. 1760d. 1762d. 1764d. 1766d. 1768d. 1770d. 1772d. 1774d. 1776d. 1778d. 1780d. 1782d. 1784d. 1786d. 1788d. 1790d. 1792d. 1794d. 1796d. 1798d. 1800d. 1802d. 1804d. 1806d. 1808d. 1810d. 1812d. 1814d. 1816d. 1818d. 1820d. 1822d. 1824d. 1826d. 1828d. 1830d. 1832d. 1834d. 1836d. 1838d. 1840d. 1842d. 1844d. 1846d. 1848d. 1850d. 1852d. 1854d. 1856d. 1858d. 1860d. 1862d. 1864d. 1866d. 1868d. 1870d. 1872d. 1874d. 1876d. 1878d. 1880d. 1882d. 1884d. 1886d. 1888d. 1890d. 1892d. 1894d. 1896d. 1898d. 1900d. 1902d. 1904d. 1906d. 1908d. 1910d. 1912d. 1914d. 1916d. 1918d. 1920d. 1922d. 1924d. 1926d. 1928d. 1930d. 1932d. 1934d. 1936d. 1938d. 1940d. 1942d. 1944d. 1946d. 1948d. 1950d. 1952d. 1954d. 1956d. 1958d. 1960d. 1962d. 1964d. 1966d. 1968d. 1970d. 1972d. 1974d. 1976d. 1978d. 1980d. 1982d. 1984d. 1986d. 1988d. 1990d. 1992d. 1994d. 1996d. 1998d. 2000d. 2002d. 2004d. 2006d. 2008d. 2010d. 2012d. 2014d. 2016d. 2018d. 2020d. 2022d. 2024d. 2026d. 2028d. 2030d. 2032d. 2034d. 2036d. 2038d. 2040d. 2042d. 2044d. 2046d. 2048d. 2050d. 2052d. 2054d. 2056d. 2058d. 2060d. 2062d. 2064d. 2066d. 2068d. 2070d. 2072d. 2074d. 2076d. 2078d. 2080d. 2082d. 2084d. 2086d. 2088d. 2090d. 2092d. 2094d. 2096d. 2098d. 2100d. 2102d. 2104d. 2106d. 2108d. 2110d. 2112d. 2114d. 2116d. 2118d. 2120d. 2122d. 2124d. 2126d. 2128d. 2130d. 2132d. 2134d. 2136d. 2138d. 2140d. 2142d. 2144d. 2146d. 2148d. 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2436d. 2438d. 2440d. 2442d. 2444d. 2446d. 2448d. 2450d. 2452d. 2454d. 2456d. 2458d. 2460d. 2462d. 2464d. 2466d. 2468d. 2470d. 2472d. 2474d. 2476d. 2478d. 2480d. 2482d. 2484d. 2486d. 2488d. 2490d. 2492d. 2494d. 2496d. 2498d. 2500d. 2502d. 2504d. 2506d. 2508d. 2510d. 2512d. 2514d. 2516d. 2518d. 2520d. 2522d. 2524d. 2526d. 2528d. 2530d. 2532d. 2534d. 2536d. 2538d. 2540d. 2542d. 2544d. 2546d. 2548d. 2550d. 2552d. 2554d. 2556d. 2558d. 2560d. 2562d. 2564d. 2566d. 2568d. 2570d. 2572d. 2574d. 2576d. 2578d. 2580d. 2582d. 2584d. 2586d. 2588d. 2590d. 2592d. 2594d. 2596d. 2598d. 2600d. 2602d. 2604d. 2606d. 2608d. 2610d. 2612d. 2614d. 2616d. 2618d. 2620d. 2622d. 2624d. 2626d. 2628d. 2630d. 2632d. 2634d. 2636d. 2638d. 2640d. 2642d. 2644d. 2646d. 2648d. 2650d. 2652d. 2654d. 2656d. 2658d. 2660d. 2662d. 2664d. 2666d. 2668d. 2670d. 2672d. 2674d. 2676d. 2678d. 2680d. 2682d. 2684d. 2686d. 2688d. 2690d. 2692d. 2694d. 2696d. 2698d. 2700d. 2702d. 2704d. 2706d. 2708d. 2710d. 2712d. 2714d. 2716d. 2718d. 2720d. 2722d. 2724d. 2726d. 2728d. 2730d. 2732d. 2734d. 2736d. 2738d. 2740d. 2742d. 2744d. 2746d. 2748d. 2750d. 2752d. 2754d. 2756d. 2758d. 2760d. 2762d. 2764d. 2766d. 2768d. 2770d. 2772d. 2774d. 2776d. 2778d. 2780d. 2782d. 2784d. 2786d. 2788d. 2790d. 2792d. 2794d. 2796d. 2798d. 2800d. 2802d. 2804d. 2806d. 2808d. 2810d. 2812d. 2814d. 2816d. 2818d. 2820d. 2822d. 2824d. 2826d. 2828d. 2830d. 2832d. 2834d. 2836d. 2838d. 2840d. 2842d. 2844d. 2846d. 2848d. 2850d. 2852d. 2854d. 2856d. 2858d. 2860d. 2862d. 2864d. 2866d. 2868d. 2870d. 2872d. 2874d. 2876d. 2878d. 2880d. 2882d. 2884d. 2886d. 2888d. 2890d. 2892d. 2894d. 2896d. 2898d. 2900d. 2902d. 2904d. 2906d. 2908d. 2910d. 2912d. 2914d

ROYAL REVIEW OF TWIN FLEETS.

Triumphal Progress of the
King Through Lanes
of Warships.

THE QUEEN'S SNAPSHOTS.

Her Majesty Busy with Her Camera
During the Historic Scene.

EVENING'S FESTIVITIES.

Arrangements for French Officers'
Visit to the City To-day.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PORTSMOUTH, Wednesday.—To-day has been a tremendous day. We have welcomed the French fleet, the French nation, and everything and everybody French on shore, and have spent the afternoon and evening making the close personal acquaintance of both officers and men.

Personally, I was lucky enough to begin early this morning on board Admiral Caillaud's flagship *Masséna*, while the King was making his inspection of the fleets. The first part of it took place to the accompaniment of the royal salute.

"Ah, monsieur, it is a welcome (Bang!) which has touched our hearts" (Bang!). That was a petty officer's verdict, and the guns did not affect it in the least.

Just in front of the great *Masséna* the royal yacht with the King on board was slowly steaming down the line between the two great fleets with the smoke of the guns floating across her and the flashes of more guns showing all around.

It was a fitting frame for King Edward the Peace-maker—two fleets of two great nations doing homage and bearing witness to his work in the cause of peace.

FRENCH SAILORS' COMMENTS.

The men, as they manned the huge *Masséna*, could not refrain from comments which made one think that perhaps after all Ollendorf was not so far out.

"Ah! it is fine." "It is beautiful—no, it is magnificent!" "Ah, the great King!" These were the sailors' comments.

His Majesty stood on the upper bridge of his yacht in admiral's uniform. Close beside him was the Prince of Wales, also in admiral's uniform.

The Duke of Connaught and other officers were also on the bridge, while her Majesty the Queen was there busily plying her camera and assisted at times by the Princess Victoria.

The bands of the French ships were playing "God Save the King" while from the Victoria and Albert drifted the "Marseillaise." Above, on the bridge, Admiral Caillaud and his officers were standing to the salute as the guns continued their salute. So the royal yacht passed slowly between the fleets.

When the King's yacht had reached the end of the long lane a surprising thing happened. A German destroyer carrying a large German ensign steamed up at full speed. It appears she is a tender to the German yacht *Meteor*, but her appearance created something of a sensation.

After the inspection the King paid a visit to the *Masséna*. Then, dejeuner over, the fleets weighed anchor, the French to steam into Portsmouth Harbour—where only friends may enter—and the English to Spithead.

As the first vessel, the battleship *Carnot*, steamed past Southsea beach the shore was literally black with people, in spite of the fact that one of the

heavy showers which had been falling all morning was then at its worst.

By one of the ships followed to their berths, and, as was only right, the rain stopped and the sun came out in welcome. All were in their places soon after three o'clock. The afternoon was spent in civic welcomes and visits.

Outside the gates of the dockyard half England seemed to be waiting with its welcome for the visitors.

There were even more festivities during the evening. At the Royal Naval Barracks the Admiralty banquet was followed by a ball, at which the Prince of Wales was present.

At the same time the men are having their entertainment. The warrant-officers' dinner was but the first step to the evening's amusement. There is a performance at the Empire Theatre of Varieties for 800 men, and other amusements in various parts of the town.

Really it has been a wonderful day.

WELCOME TO LONDON.

Arrangements for To-day's Visit of the
French Officers to the City.

London has prepared a great welcome for the officers of the French fleet who come to town to-day.

The route they will travel is gay with flags, triumphal arches, and appropriate and complimentary legends, and everything has been done to pay them honour.

The special train from Portsmouth will carry Admiral Caillaud (the French Commander-in-Chief), eighty French officers, twenty interpreter officers, and fifty others, including British officers and the Board of Admiralty.

Drawn by an engine gaily decorated with roses and the flags of both nations intertwined, it will reach Victoria at 12 noon. The station is splendidly festooned with more than 11,000 flags.

From Victoria the guests will drive in open carriages to the Guildhall by the following route:—

Grosvenor-place.	Thames Embankment.
Piccadilly.	Queen Victoria-street.
St. James-street.	Cannon-street.
Pal Mall.	King-street.
Northumberland-avenue.	

On entering the City at Blackfriars they will pass beneath a double flying arch, with a statue of Queen Victoria as a centre piece, and the most appropriate legend:—

Toutes les mers vont lui sourire.
Qu'on est heureux sur un navire.

After the luncheon at the Guildhall the Lord Mayor will propose the health of:—

The King and Queen Alexandra,
President Loubet, and
The French Navy.

The French Ambassador will respond for the President, and Admiral Caillaud for the French navy. The Admiral will then propose the health of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London.

About three o'clock the French officers will proceed to a reception at the French Embassy in Albert Gate by way of:—

Queen-street.	Pal Mall.
Queen Victoria-street.	Constitution-hill.
Cannon-street.	Knightsbridge.
Strand.	

They will arrive about 3.30. The special train will return from Victoria at seven.

FRENCH WORKMEN ARRIVE.

London for the next few days will give evidence of the entente cordiale from an industrial as well as the national point of view.

Yesterday there arrived at the Manchester Hotel, Aldersgate, a party of 110 members of the silk industry of Lyons.

They will spend three days seeing the sights of London, and have already visited St. Paul's and the Tower.

FRENCH SHIP AT DOVER.

The French training-ship *Bourguignie* arrived in Dover Bay yesterday and fired a salute, which was returned from Dover Castle.

The stay will last over six days, during which time the officers and crew will be feted.

DUEL BETWEEN TWO DUKES.

Fight Three Rounds and Refuse To
Be Reconciled.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday Evening.—Even in France, where titles are plentiful, a duel between two dukes is a rarity.

Such an encounter took place to-day, when the Duc D'Albe and the Duc de Chaulnes met to settle with swords a dispute which had arisen over a private matter. Friends on both sides had laboured with a view to arranging the quarrel, but both noblemen felt that the question admitted of no compromise.

Accordingly the meeting took place. Both combatants showed themselves good swordsmen, and the first two rounds ended with neither gaining the advantage. In the third, however, the Duc D'Albe, who had lost his temper, made a lunge which was parried, and the next moment his antagonist's sword had pierced his forearm.

Thereupon the seconds stopped the duel, and tried to make the combatants friends again. But they declined to be reconciled. Saluting each other with ceremonious coldness, they left the ground. It is believed another meeting will take place.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Man Arrested in Paris for the Crime of
Being Alive.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Curiosity induced a market gardener named Boussignac to enter the Morgue. When inside he thought he recognised a body with a mutilated face as a former employee of his named Garrigau.

He filed a declaration to this effect, stating that Garrigau had probably been murdered. Several other gardeners recognised the body.

Meanwhile, Garrigau, who was really alive, applied at the police headquarters for a cart licence, and was arrested for impersonating the dead man.

Confronted by Boussignac, who now recognised his old servant alive and well, there were mutual explanations, and Garrigau was, of course, set at liberty.

SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

Bicycle Thief Impaled by a Dagger Hidden in
the Saddle.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—Retribution and severe physical pain followed the attempt of a man named Renard to steal a bicycle in the Avenue Opera to-day.

The machine belonged to a gentleman named Bentz, and it was the third he had lost in six months. Unfortunately for Renard, he had invented a contrivance whereby when the saddle was not in use a sharp dagger was hidden in the springs, pointing upwards.

When, therefore, Renard vaulted lightly on to the seat of the machine as it rested on the kerbstone he found himself literally impaled, and shrieked out in the liveliest pain. He was so badly injured that he was taken to the hospital, where his arrest, of course, was an easy matter.

KING EDWARD AS DIPLOMAT.

VIENNA, Wednesday.—King Edward will arrive at Harlachten on August 16.

The "Nieuwe Freie Presse" says it is rumoured that an interview between his Majesty and the Austrian Emperor will take place at Pilsen. It discredits the report that the Kaiser will be present at the meeting.—Central News.

CHANNEL SWIM.

Burgess Makes Another Plucky and
Determined Attempt.

PERFECT CONDITIONS.

Undaunted by his previous lack of success, Mr. Burgess, the Yorkshire amateur swimmer, made his third attempt (his second this season) to swim the Channel yesterday.

The wind yesterday had dropped, but the sky looked lowering and seemed to threaten rough weather; but, as a matter of fact, the atmospheric conditions were perfect.

Burgess started at 6 o'clock, it being decided that he should stop at the end of the first flood-tide in the event of bad weather.

On entering the water Burgess wore a polo cap and a green mica cloth to protect his eyes from the salt water.

The start was made from Abbott's Cliff, or as it is sometimes called, Danger Rock, which lies to the west of Dover. The plucky swimmer seems to have entirely recovered from the strain to the tendon in his right leg which compelled him to retire from the water on his last attempt a fortnight ago.

Burgess himself, before entering the water, picked out a chart of the course he proposed to take.

A STRONG START.

Leading off at a rather quicker pace than usual, Burgess soon slowed down to twenty-four strokes to the minute, but was delighted to hear on reaching a point a mile and a quarter out that he had arrived there ten minutes before his scheduled time.

The sturdy swimmer was accompanied by a small boat and the launch *Scotia*, on board of the latter being many friends, including J. A. Wiedman, the Dover amateur, who will make a similar attempt this year, and Mr. Kellerman, the father of the plucky lady who is soon to attempt the Channel swim for the *Daily Mirror* trophy.

Burgess swam like a machine. Hour after hour passed without the automaton-like regularity of his movements being affected. He was as fresh as ever when he passed, six hours after the start, the Varne Bank, which is one of the most difficult points.

Equally unaffected by fatigue was he when, in better time than at his last attempt, he got within five miles of Griseze. At a late hour last night he was still engaged in trying to negotiate the last and most critical part of the swim.

WATCHED HIM DROWN.

Steamer Passengers Witness a Thrilling
Tragedy at the Mouth of the Thames.

Between Tilbury and Margate yesterday the passengers on a Belle steamer saw two swimmers in difficulty. One of them sank under the wash of the vessel in full view of the horrified spectators.

The engines were brought to a standstill, but meanwhile a boat had put off from the shore, and the second man was rescued. The body of the drowned swimmer was quickly recovered, and was identified as that of Archibald Adams, who had been employed at Tilbury Docks.

At Lowestoft yesterday James McClune, aged eleven, was drowned whilst bathing. In his search for his son Mr. McClune met the cortege carrying the boy's dead body.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The bodies of twenty-two children still lay buried last evening beneath the ruins of the building which collapsed at Albany, U.S.A.

Reuter states that before the Japanese occupied the Russian convict settlement of Saghalien all the prisoners were released, and grave disturbances are feared.

Professors Ross and Boyce, of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, are to be conveyed free of cost to New Orleans by the Cunard Co., in connection with the yellow fever outbreak.

The first session of the Peace Conference at Portsmouth, U.S.A., yesterday, lasted less than an hour. The order of business was settled upon, and it was also agreed that any language should be used convenient to the speaker. The plenipotentiaries met again at ten o'clock to-day.

According to a return published by the Imperial Bureau of Statistics at Berlin, the number of German subjects residing in the United States is 2,660,164, and in Great Britain 53,402—slight decreases in each case from previous countings. But Germans have increased in all countries other than Anglo-Saxon.

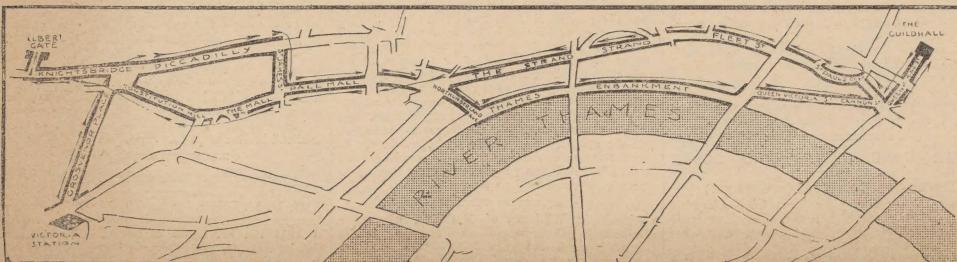
TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Changeable and cooler; showery with thunder in places to fair; variable breezes.

Lighting-up time, 8.31 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

WHERE LONDONERS MAY GREET THEIR FRENCH NAVAL GUESTS.



Map of the route to be traversed by the French officers who are to be entertained to-day by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London on their way to and from the Guildhall.

CANCER'S ORIGIN AND CURE.

Pool Surgeon Announces a Discovery That May Solve the Problem.

CONDITION IN THE BLOOD.

Lessrs. Farmer, Walker, and Moore, three persons who are engaged in cancer research at Liverpool University, publish in this week's "Lancet" an article which eminent cancer specialists believe to be undoubted evidence that the white corpuscles of the blood are responsible for cancer. The theory is explained now by a well-known surgeon.

The analyst and the surgeon—co-workers in the work of healing science—are on the brink of an amazing discovery. The greatest of modern sciences—the cause and the cure of cancer—is now solved in that it has never been.

The theory has been evolved by a well-known surgeon which will entirely change the course of cancer research and set scientists working not so much at the cancer itself and its immediate surroundings as at the blood of the people affected by malignant growth and the blood of those likely to become sufferers from the most painful of all diseases.

It is now believed that the white corpuscles of the blood are responsible for the mischief. They have hitherto been credited with being the chief factor in fighting the growth, but now they are credited for being the cause of the growth itself.

ON THE BLOOD REVOLTS.

The blood is made up of red corpuscles or cells, which give the blood its colour, and white corpuscles which are animalcules, and which may be called the "soldiers and sanitary officers" of the blood, for it is their duty to attack any disease which enters the body.

At times, like other soldiers, the white corpuscles of the blood revolt, and in this way, it is believed, bring about the growth which is called cancer.

The new theory is that the "soldier" corpuscles, led by an unknown influence which scientists are only beginning to fathom, sometimes lead the cells of the skin, the muscles, or the bones, and cause them to abandon their proper duties and develop the independent and malignant growths of cancer or tumour.

In most rebellions, some of the soldiers remain faithful, and a battle follows, in which the rebels are attacked by the soldiers which remain faithful.

The battle results in the spreading of a poison composed of broken tissues and dead soldiers, and this poison saps the constitution, and eventually causes death.

What evidence is there that the new theory is one following up of which may result in a great discovery?

The white blood corpuscle has an existence independent of the body. The tissue cell in its normal condition has not, but when it becomes a cancer cell it proceeds to follow the example of the white blood corpuscle and lives a roving life independent of the body in which it has its being.

Instead of helping to build up the body as it before it sets about compassing its destruction.

COMPASS ITS OWN DESTRUCTION.

This theory is strongly supported by many facts already known about cancer.

It is not easily believed, then, that the sedulous and disaster-producing cancer cell is the result of an escape from a white blood corpuscle and the cell?

If white blood corpuscles have the function of circulating the tissues to growth and repair, it can be allowed that they might stimulate them also to peltous growth, with evil results.

The new theory fits in with the parasitic idea of the causation of cancer, for germs or parasites might cause the white blood corpuscles to lose their heads, and so to speak, "run amok."

The idea that irritation or a blow causes cancerous growth, too, is supported, for it is the duty of the white blood corpuscles to deal with the results of irritation. Irritation, too, if prolonged, might cause a corpuscle to "run amok."

The cure of cancer may lie in the physician's ability to increase in number and to strengthen the white blood corpuscles which remain loyal to the body and in helping them to kill off the original cancer cells and eat them.

The prevention of cancer is another story.

MORE LUCKY SERVANTS.

Generous bequests to servants are becoming more and more frequent. Colonel Henry Gordon Levett, of Dorriderge, Derbyshire, who died worth £61,232, left his servant, Ellen Price, £500, and his valet, William Dixon, a life annuity of £100.

Mr. Thomas Wilson, J.P., of Sheffield, cutlery manufacturer, left his gardener £250 and his coachman £250. His other servants also benefited.

QUEEN AND WORKGIRLS.

Ruler of Holland Compliments Athletic English Maidens.

Workgirls of London who have been specially complimented by the Queen of Holland have just returned from a trip on the Continent.

They are members of St. Winifred's Club, Saffron-hill, and are employed in factories in that neighbourhood. They journeyed to the great annual fête at Apeldoorn, at the request of the Physical Society of Holland, to give an exhibition of physical drill.

For a week they travelled through the country. They were feted everywhere, and given a great welcome by the hospitable Dutch people.

But the red-letter day of the whole glorious, never-to-be-forgotten week was the day they went to Het Loo to drill before the girl-Queen of Holland. Here they were specially singled out by her Majesty, who complimented them on their skill and wished them a pleasant visit.

One of the girls, tall and fair-haired, proudly showed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday the brooch which was given to each of the party by the president of the Apeldoorn fête. It is of silver, and bears the head of the Queen of Holland.

"Oh! it was a lovely time," she said, with a heartfelt sigh.

Certainly the holiday has proved most successful in every way. No hitch occurred, and it is the club's proud boast that their drill displays were adjudged the best at Apeldoorn.

KILLED BY MOTOR-CAR.

Elderly Visitor at St. Andrews Succumbs After Serious Accident.

Mr. J. A. Burt, an elderly resident of Polton, Midlothian, died yesterday at St. Andrews, as the result of being knocked down by a motor-car the previous evening.

He was on a holiday visit to St. Andrews, and, after he was thrown down in the road, the car passed over him.

Several of his ribs and his right arm were broken, and he also sustained serious injuries to his head.

MARQUIS'S MARRIAGE.

Lord Townshend Quietly Wedded to a Barrister's Daughter in London.

The Marquis of Townshend was married yesterday at St. Martin's Church, to Miss Gladys Sutherst, daughter of Mr. T. Sutherst, barrister-at-law, of Fountain Court, Temple, and formerly of Grosvenor-square.

Lord Townshend is the sixth Marquis, and succeeded to his title in 1899. It will be remembered that he was the hero of a recent breach of promise case, which excited a good deal of public interest.

Lord Townshend is a nephew of Lady Audrey Buller, and he and his one sister, Lady Agnes Durham, who was married about two years ago.

Yesterday's marriage was a very quiet affair, and comes as a surprise to many people. Lord and Lady Townshend left London after the ceremony for Paris and Homburg for their honeymoon.

EDELWEISS ON CITY ROOFS.

How a Londoner Cultivates with Success the Hardy Alpine Flower.

Edelweiss, the Alpine flower for which so many adventurous climbers have risked and lost their lives, is growing among London chimney-pots.

On the roof of the Bank of Scotland, in Bishops-gate-street, and over a solicitor's premises in Abchurch-lane, many of these famous plants are flourishing.

Mr. Edward Lovett, F.R.H.S., who has succeeded in making them grow in the smoky atmosphere, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday how it was done.

"It is," he said, "entirely a question of soil. London soil is impregnated with sulphurous acid which the rain brings to it from the impure atmosphere above."

"Now this poison in the soil can be rectified by a proportion of lime. The plaster rubbish from old ceilings will serve."

"Given plenty of lime, edelweiss requires hardly any attention. It needs little or no water, and grows best in exposed, draughty situations."

MAJOR MACBRIDE TO FIND COSTS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
PARIS, Wednesday.—The First Civil Chamber to-day ordered inquiry into the allegations made by Mrs. MacBride (Miss Maud Gonne) against her husband, and vice versa.

The Court also ordered Major MacBride to pay into Court within a fortnight £200 to cover the costs of the inquiry. Neither party appeared.

FEWER PENNY STAMPS.

Picture Postcard Boom Reduces the Number of Sealed Letters.

ABSENT-MINDED POSTERS.

The all-conquering picture postcard is charged by the Postmaster-General, whose fifty-first annual report was issued yesterday, with diminishing the number of letters sent through the post.

Remarkable figures comparing the popularity of picture postcards in different countries are given. Germany heads the list with 1,161,000,000 posted in a year, then comes

United States	770,200,000
Great Britain	619,000,000
Japan	487,500,000
Austria	291,000,000
Russia	114,000,000
Hungary	88,000,000
Italy	85,000,000
France	70,000,000
Belgium	65,000,000

The number of postal packets delivered in the United Kingdom last year was as follows:—

Letters	2,624,000,000
Postcards	734,500,000
Halfpenny packets	843,700,000
Newspapers	179,400,000
Parcels	97,201,000
Total	4,479,400,000

Decline of Cheap Jewellery.

The number of letters registered was 18,504,690. Here again a decrease is shown—a decrease which "is believed to be principally due to the continued depression in the cheap jewellery trade."

There were 26,508,740 postal packets, made up as follows, which the authorities were unable to deliver:—

Letters	10,743,447
Postcards	2,386,124
Halfpenny packets	12,539,019
Newspapers	622,731
Parcels	287,589

A diminution in the number of foreign lottery circulars is thought to account for the decrease in the number of undelivered letters.

The number of registered letters and letters containing property sent through the post insufficiently addressed was 315,965. These letters contained £17,830 in cash and banknotes, and £622,123 in bills, cheques, postal orders, and stamps. One packet contained jewellery the value of which exceeded £2,000.

The total value of the contents thus jeopardised by the carelessness of the public was greater by over £4,000 in the previous year, and no less than £41,171 in cash and £12,058 in cheques was found loose in the post.

Most of these letters were restored to the senders.

FAMILY ORDEAL.

Wife's Evidence Against Her Husband Charged with Murder.

There was a series of pathetic incidents at yesterday's inquest at Walworth on little Violet and Gladys Poppel, whose father stands remanded for murder and attempted suicide.

The grief of Mrs. Poppel was painful to witness. She sobbed so violently throughout that she was finally seized with hysterics and had to be carried out.

Poppel himself sat sobbing loudly, his face buried in his hands. He refused to say anything.

The story of his wife was that, awakened by cries, she turned and saw the three children with their throats cut. A neighbour said she saw Poppel trying to cut his throat before a looking-glass.

Wilful Murder was the verdict.

MIDDLE DOOR DENOUNCED.

Passenger Asserts That the New Gates on the District Railway Are Dangerous.

"Beware of the middle door on the electric railways," writes a correspondent.

He asserts that the middle doors in the electric trains of the District Railway cannot be stopped once the closing of them has been started. Passengers thus run a risk of being caught, and one young man, attempting to enter a train, only succeeded in extricating himself by abandoning his umbrella, which remained jammed in the closed doors until they were opened at the next station.

An official of the railway company, interviewed yesterday, denied that there was any danger.

"The conductor can stop the door when he likes," said the official, "but, of course, he would not be allowed to reopen the gate without a special reason."

"We find now that people are getting used to its working the middle door is very popular."

Lieutenant Williams, of Narberth, effected a particularly gallant rescue on Porthcawl Beach. Bugler Jones had been carried out to sea by a powerful current when the officer swam to his assistance, and although dashed against the rocks, succeeded in safely bringing his man to shore.

INTERCEPTED MESSAGE.

Extraordinary Action of a Servant of the Government Whips.

The panic into which the Government Whips have recently been thrown by the strange strategic movements of the Opposition has evidently infected the Whips' messengers.

"Last night," declared Mr. P. O'Brien, the Nationalist Whip, in the House of Commons yesterday, "somebody came to the House with a message for me. I wrote a reply on a card in the Central Hall and gave it to a messenger boy. It was addressed to a member of Parliament."

"The boy was arrested by a person named Ridgeway, a servant in the employ of the Government Whips, who asked him where he was going and whether he was taking the message to a member of Parliament."

"The boy replied that he did not know. Thereupon the man took the card from the boy's hand, read the message, returned it to him, and sent him off." Mr. O'Brien described the action as a grossly improper interference with the rights of members.

Evidently greatly enraged at Ridgeway's action, Sir Alexander Acland-Hood said he could not attempt to defend it. He deprecated it. "What I like," he added, "is a straight fight." The House cheered. But he reminded members that these messengers were the servants of both parties.

There is not the slightest imputation on Sir Alexander Acland-Hood," explained Mr. Redmond. "We have always found him a perfectly straightforward and honourable opponent."

"The conduct of the messenger," said the Speaker, "has been most reprehensible and cannot be defended."

Later in the sitting the Nationalists caused a stormy scene because, as they alleged, Mr. Acland-Hood, in answering a question, "turned his back on the House." At the request of the Speaker, the War Minister, with some heat, repeated his answer.

KETCH'S OCEAN VOYAGE.

Small Boat's Safe Return After a Journey of 12,000 Miles.

After an adventurous voyage of 12,000 miles the ketch Brighton has arrived at Southampton, her crew of two, Mr. A. L. Napper and Mr. J. L. Langford, none the worse for their novel experience.

The stout little ketch is but 40ft. in length. She carries a floating anchor constructed with a spar 15ft. long, with a triangular canvas sail attachment, weighted at the bottom with shot.

This anchor holds the boat practically motionless in rough weather where the water is too deep for an ordinary anchor to be lowered.

Napper was at one time captain of a merchant vessel trading between New Zealand and the Pacific Islands, and later he was first officer on board the Tarantula, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's turbine yacht.

Mr. Langford has been engaged in the pearl fisheries.

The return journey from Cape Town was accomplished in 105 days.

ENTERTAINMENT PROBLEM.

Boxing and Ball-Punching Held Not to Constitute an Assault-at-Arms.

What constitutes an assault-at-arms was really the question before the Court of Appeal yesterday, when Mr. J. H. Passy, an entertainment organiser, asked for a reversal of the judgment in his unsuccessful action against the Athenaeum Hall, Camden Town.

He booked the hall for a series of ten "displays and assaults-at-arms." The first entertainment consisted mainly of boxing, wrestling, and ball-punching, and the lessees of the hall on one withdrawal from the contract, alleging that this was not the kind of entertainment promised.

The Court of Appeal took the same view, and refused Mr. J. H. Passy's application.

CRICKETER'S BROKEN LIFE.

The body of "Jack" Fisher, the well-known ex-Lancashire League professional cricketer, was found in the reservoir at Haslingden yesterday. Usher, who had been missing since Saturday, was well known because of an unsuccessful action he recently brought against the Lancashire League for having obtained any of its clubs to engage him, having to attempt on his part to bribe the professional bowler of an opposing side.

ASSETS DWINDLED TO 4s.

Mr. M. M. Cohen, having failed for £3,177 as an East End provision merchant, estimated his assets at £611 14s. 8d. As a matter of fact, said the Official Receiver yesterday, the assets had realised 4s. only.

The Registrar, in the circumstances, did not see his way to grant the bankrupt his discharge.

DANGER OF THE LOVE LETTER.

Impassioned Lover Whose Heart
Was Set On Fire by a Missive.

BUT HIS ARDOUR COOLED.

Since childhood Gertrude Ellen French, of Peckham, and Edward Charles Gillett, who is a telegraphist, have known one another.

Seven years ago they commenced to walk out together. Yesterday, in the London Under-Sheriffs' Court, Miss French was awarded £40 damages against Gillett for breach of promise of marriage.

Mr. Gillett's original feelings towards Miss French were revealed in a series of letters in which he added yet another instance of how Cupid can inspire eloquence.

"I saw," he wrote in one of the mildest epistles, "on a card in a shop window, 'I cannot express my love in words, and I think that is about the case with me, dear.'"

"Unalterable Affection."

"My dear Sweetheart," he averred in another letter, "nothing will alter my affection for you, dear. I hope you will banish all thoughts about the pleasure I give you being begrudged, dear. I cannot think what gave you that idea.—Your loving sweetheart, Ted."

Moreover, the loving sweetheart Ted wrote to say that he was looking forward to the time when he and Miss French could go away together. "Everything comes to those that wait," he added in a strain of prophecy, which in the light of yesterday's events sounds rather ironical.

Mr. Gillett also gave Miss French some homely advice, of which the following is quite a charming example:—

Keep yourself warm this weather, dear. Very nice to be a fish this weather. Ta-ta.

Climax of Passion.

It was possibly in the following communication that the amorous telegraphist's affection reached its zenith:—

I shall have your photo to look at and kiss, but, of course, I would sooner have the identical. Cheer up for Chatham!

My darling sweetheart, the time does seem to hang, dear, without you. I believe I would get married to-morrow if I could, but buck up time and roll in money. I wish I had the cash; then we could do the trick at once. Love is a wonderful thing, dear, and lately I cannot think of anything but you, dear.

Other characteristic instances of his desire for matrimony are:—

When I got home the first thing I did was to get my money and put another quid towards the happy home, dear.

Mother said it (a letter from Miss French) made my eyes light up at once. I hope it didn't set anything on fire, but perhaps it set my heart on fire. I don't know; do you, dear?

Writing to her about a book which he had read, he said: "We must do our best to stick to the maxims, and have real matrimonial bliss."

After these preliminaries it was not surprising to learn from counsel that the wedding was fixed. It should have taken place last autumn, but Mr. Gillett's ardour began to cool, and finally he told Miss French that they were not suited to one another, although their marriage had been freely discussed by those who attended the chapel where the wedding should have taken place.

Miss French, who is an attractive-looking young woman, told the jury yesterday that she had spent £35 in anticipation of the marriage, and for six months after the match had been broken up she was ill.

The jury were sympathetic and awarded the damages indicated above.

BISHOP ON THE SANDS.

Dr. Knox Pays a Glowing Tribute to Holiday Audiences at Blackpool.

The Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Knox, who is conducting a mission on Blackpool sands, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he was "more than satisfied" with the result.

"The attendance and the attention have been most gratifying, and if the good weather should last I feel sure the mission will be a great success."

"I am delighted with the Blackpool crowds, but I am afraid I have yet to learn how to adapt my voice to a seashore mission."

"My three sermons yesterday made me quite hoarse."

ESPERANTISTS INVADE BRITAIN.

The amiable French invasion of England is to be followed to-day by the landing at Dover of the Esperantists, who concluded their congress at Boulogne yesterday.

SUSPECTED OF SPYING.

German Arrested at Sheerness and
Accused of Photographing a Fort.

A German stands remanded at Sheerness on the serious charge of unlawfully attempting to take a photograph of the Ravelin Battery in that town, without the requisite authority given on behalf of his Majesty.

His name is Franz Heinrich Losel, and, according to the statement of Mr. Sims, who prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury yesterday, he is a German subject, although he has resided at Sheerness for thirty years.

A leading labourer in his Majesty's dockyard, said Mr. Sims, saw Losel, on June 19, standing on War Department property with a camera, which it was pointed in the direction of the rear of the new Ravelin Battery, which faces the Thames.

A tramcar came along at the time, and Losel desisted, but afterwards completed his task. Seeing that he was observed, he jumped down from the wall, and went away.

The flat of the Attorney-General had been obtained for a prosecution, and a search of Losel's premises had been made, but nothing of an incriminating character had been found.

Police-superintendent Rhodes stated that when charged Losel said: "I know nothing about it. His Majesty's agent must have been busy, I should think."

Losel subsequently told him he was taking photographs for picture-cards for a tradesman, and produced two copies showing the roadway and a passing tramcar.

The camera, said the superintendent, would not have had to be pointed in the direction of the battery to have obtained the photographs. The portraits of the two men who gave information to the police appeared in the photograph.

Losel, who said he was astonished at such a charge, was remanded on his own recognisances.

BARRISTER AND BULLSEYES.

Judge's Small Son Creates a Favourable
Impression in Court.

An amusing incident has brightened up the last sittings of the Law Courts before the Long Vacation, which begins on Saturday.

One of the Judges brought to court his rosy-cheeked little son of some five years. The little fellow was given a seat at the solicitors' table in order, no doubt, to be under the paternal eye.

During the morning he followed the proceedings with the liveliest interest, but during the afternoon—having lunched, possibly, not wisely but too well—he fell asleep.

Presently counsel, who was in the midst of a long argument, made a joke. There was the usual "laughing in court." It awakened the slumberer. He rubbed his eyes, turned round, and beamed on the interrupter of his slumbers.

Presently the barrister sat down, and the small boy marked his appreciation by turning round once more and gravely offering a little bag of sweets! The smiling barrister did not refuse.

STREET MUSICIAN'S LOGIC.

Tin Whistle Player Meets Charge of
Drunkennes with a Flood of Eloquence.

An unusual specimen of dock oratory was heard at Brentford yesterday when George Williams, a musician with white hair, defended himself against charges of drunkenness and doing damage.

"Singularly enough," he said, "I do not recollect anything of this lamentable occurrence. Is it feasible that a man of my ability would be so unutterably foolish as to put his head through a window?"

"I am a God-fearing man, an accomplished musician, and I have brought the art of tin-whistle playing to a pitch of perfection never hitherto reached."

"On that insignificant and much maligned instrument I can play operatic selections galore. I can show your lordship that—"

But the magistrate unfeelingly ordered him to pay 20s. and costs.

WIFE'S HOLIDAY ENDS IN GRIEF.

Seeing his wife off to Southend on Bank Holiday, Alfred Chesson, of Wood Green, said he would put on his Volunteer uniform and go to camp.

On her return, his wife found him dead. "Good-bye, all," was written on a piece of paper. He had taken rat-poison. A verdict of Suicide whilst of unsound mind was returned at the inquest yesterday.

THEIR MOTHER'S GRAVE.

A strange quarrel has arisen between a man named Field, of Archel-road, West Kensington, and his sister, Mrs. Tatton.

It is stated that the ill-feeling arising from the brother selling their mother's grave culminated in an alleged libel on Mrs. Tatton's character, for which Field was yesterday committed for trial.

HER ONLY WEAKNESS.

Missing Woman's Mendacious Part in
the Alleged Long-Firm Swindle.

Remarkable allegations of an astute woman's part in long firm frauds were made yesterday at the Guildhall, where George Webber, aged thirty-seven, and Richard T. Rosenberg were charged with certain operations involving £20,000.

It is alleged that they ingeniously defrauded electrical firms in London and the provinces, and, in connection with the case, the police are seeking William Leslie, formerly working electrician at the Fulham Theatre, and his sister-in-law, Frances Chessman.

It was explained by Mr. Bodkin, in his opening statement yesterday, that Miss Chessman was a most businesslike young person, who had one failing—an acute inability to tell the truth.

Counsel explained that the four people named traded as the Electrical Accessories Company in Holborn, where they rented one room.

There were no storerooms, and no goods to store, and when Miss Chessman talked and wrote about warehouses and goods from the docks, "this adept story-teller was only weaving fairy-tales."

Miss Chessman's account of the London and County Bank. Her address turned out to be a newspaper shop where letters were received.

The "firm" blossomed forth as contractors for electrical work, and they succeeded in securing sums from various firms.

The money thus received all went into Miss Chessman's account at the London and County Bank, and out of that account in June alone nearly £5,000 went to Webber.

The case was adjourned.

CHEERS FOR GENERAL BOOTH.

Country Workers Take a Holiday for the
Purpose of Seeing Him.

General Booth only travelled thirty miles yesterday from Leicester to Derby.

Crowds of people assembled to cheer him all along the road.

"Hullo!" asked the General of a group of workmen, "are you still holiday-making?"

"No, Sir," replied the spokesman, "but we are having a special holiday to see you."

At Loughborough he had a fine reception. Before entering he had to stop for an address which was presented by the local Free Church Council.

The whole population of the town greeted the procession, and out of that account was taken to the town hall to address a great gathering presided over by the mayor.

RIVAL WIVES' VIGIL.

Remarkable Bedside Scene Described in an
Alleged Bigamy Case.

When William P. Nunney, an Acton workman, woke up yesterday morning he saw two women, one on each side of his bed. Each claimed to be his wife.

According to the statement made in Acton Police Court, where he was charged with bigamy, by one of the ladies, he turned "deadly white."

"And it's a pity he did not die," she continued. "He got out of bed, and wanted to go downstairs, seemingly to kill himself. He sharpened a knife on the window-sill, but we caught hold of him."

"I only learned this morning that his first wife was alive. She called at the house and told me, so I took her up to the bedroom."

The detective who arrested Nunney stated that the man said: "It is quite true. I shall have to suffer for it."—Remanded.

KAISER'S COMMANDER.

Wife Proves Faithless During a Long Absence
Due to His German Appointment.

A master mariner, in the employ of the German Emperor in the capacity of commander of his Imperial Majesty's yachts, figured as a petitioner in the Divorce Court.

His name was Captain Benjamin Parker, and his allegations against his wife involved a man named Marsh, who was a tramcar driver employed by the Southampton Corporation.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker were married in 1887, and when the husband obtained his appointment under the Kaiser, he had to be away from home from April to September each year.

On returning home last autumn he found that his wife, instead of staying with her sister at St. Deny's, near Southampton, was living at Liverpool with Marsh. Decree nisi, with costs.

FROLIC INCENDIARIES.

Seized by the spirit of mischief, four boys, while passing Kingston Bridge, threw a lighted match in some oil by a timber shed containing hundreds of pounds' worth of stock. A constable extinguished the fire.

Yesterday the boys were ordered to receive a good birching.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

General Disposition To Blame Men
for Women's Shortcomings.

A SAD LIFE-HISTORY.

The number of letters on this subject continues to increase daily. Here is our selection from yesterday's budget:—

HOPE FOR DESERTED WIVES.

In reply to the letter written by a "Deserted Wife," I beg to say that, according to English law, a woman or a man can marry a second time if he or she has not heard or seen or known his or her spouse to be alive within the last seven years preceding the second marriage. No crime of bigamy or any other crime is committed thereby.

A STUDENT OF GRAY'S INN.

HOW TO STOP TOO MUCH VISITING.

While I feel much for "A Believer in Single Blessedness" (Cardiff) I say: "Teach your wife the way that she should go."

I am afraid it is many a married man's lot to have his house crowded with his wife's relations. My advice to such husbands is to have a good evening's talk to the wife on the matter, explaining the unnecessary expense and displeasure caused, etc.

If she is one of that unhappy kind that listens not to words of truth, this might be followed by a series of corrections forcible enough to show her that home filling by relations and others must cease.

This visiting I myself detest, and think it helps more to spoil the happiness of married life than anything else.

A BELIEVER IN LOVE'S HAPPINESS AT ALL COSTS.
Gray's Inn Residences, E.C.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

Given a man healthy in mind and body, and capable of providing a home, and an equally healthy, domesticated girl, and happiness follows such a union as a matter of course.

If a man passes by such a woman and prefers a cycling, matinee-loving girl, one who has never been trained in domestic work, and is often physically unfit for his duties, and still more for the higher ones of maternity, who is to blame for his subsequent certain misery but himself?

A CONTENTED HUSBAND.

Lyme-road, E.

A WORD FOR THE PRESENT-DAY GIRL.

I am greatly interested in the correspondence in your up-to-date little paper, and should like to answer the "Old Man's" letter.

In the old days, he says, girls were reared by their mothers to become good housewives. Quite so, but times are altered since then. Parents cannot now afford to keep their daughters at home in these pushing times. All credit to a woman if she can be independent and pay her way without the aid of man.

Again, he says she is unwomanly, just because she is devoted in her spare time to sport and athletics. Is she worse on this account than her grandmother of sixty-five years ago, who was content to be at her needle and such unhealthy pastimes just because she was afraid of fresh air and of appearing unwomanly?

My opinion of the present-day girl or wife is that she is very level-headed, much finer in physical bearing, and not frumpy in her ideas. To this aspect of the situation "Old Man" seems to be blind.

A GIBSON GIRL.

TRUE LOVE A REMEDY.

"A Wife" clearly shows that she does not know what love is.

I do not think any husband or wife complains at all if they love one another.

I suppose if "A Wife's" husband were ill she would call in a nurse and a doctor, and go on with her frivolous existence as usual?

Marriage nowadays is only a way of legalising a wandering life—at least, so it seems to me.

J. DAY.

AN ENGAGED MAN'S VIEW.

Surely a man can answer this question better than a woman.

I venture to suggest that in nine cases out of ten the fault is with the man, who, because he has to go to business and occasion himself a little trouble, expects his wife on his return home to look on him as a martyr, and minister to his every little want, forgetting all the time that she in her turn has just as many troubles, and requires just as much sympathy (but very rarely gets it).

To a selfish man a wife is certainly a hindrance, but to a man who keeps his promises (made before marriage) a woman is a blessing, and should be looked upon as "an angel from above on a mission of love," as in the days of courtship.

A BACHELOR (but not for long).

SAND-CASTLE CONTESTS.

How To Earn Guineas on Your Holidays.

The *Daily Mirror* sand-castle building contests promise to be amongst the most interesting events of the holiday season.

There will be a happy crowd of little builders on the beach at Ramsgate to-morrow afternoon when the first competition takes place. The contest is to commence at two o'clock.

We have arranged the contests in the hope of interesting and instructing the countless thousands of little holiday-makers whose busy hands are erecting castles and forts on the sands of all our seaside towns.

Competitions will be held at many popular holiday resorts. Prizes ranging from £2 2s., £1 1s., and half a guinea will be offered for the best castle built of sand.

Anyone under the age of twenty-one, boy or girl, resident or visitor, may enter.

It would appear at the first glance that to expect a child of six to compete on equal terms with a youth of twenty would be unfair. We have provided for that, however, by allowing competitors to work, if they please, in parties of not more than six persons. So little six-year-olds may get their big brothers and sisters or friends to help them.

If competitors elect to work in a party they must appoint a leader, who, in the event of the success of the party, will receive the prize.

There is one important condition, and that is that each competitor must carry a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

You can use any kind of tools you please, and you can build any kind of castle.

Remember that the first contest takes place at Ramsgate to-morrow.

By the courtesy of the authorities a wide stretch of sand will be roped off, so that the workers will not be interfered with by the spectators.

Suggested designs to help competitors will be found on page 15.

Mr. Dowling, the Mayor of Ramsgate, with his daughter, who is the mayoress, has consented to help in the judging of the competition.

The second contest will be held at Margate on Saturday.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Eight Half-Guineas for Cleethorpes and Deal—More Prize Winners.

"Can you see yourself?" is becoming the catch phrase of the holiday season. The phrase has special interest to-day for Cleethorpes and Deal. Hundreds of people at both resorts will carefully examine their copies of the *Daily Mirror* to ascertain whether or not their photograph appears in either of the two groups on page 9.

Four half-guineas go to Cleethorpes and four to Deal.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in either photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C. If you are one of the four persons we have selected half a guinea will be forwarded to you.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final. To-morrow eight half-guineas go to

SKEGNESS and DOVER.

Photographs of holiday crowds at these places will be published, and prizes of half-a-guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group at Skegness and four at Deal.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at most of the big seaside resorts, including:—

Aberystwyth.	Fleetwood.	Southport.
Bournemouth.	Folkestone.	Southsea.
Brighton.	Hastings and St.	Southwold.
Clacton.	Leonards.	St. Anne's.
Cromer.	Hunstanton.	Weston.
Eastbourne.	Hfracombe.	super-Mare.
Felixstowe.	Lowestoft.	Weymouth.
Filby.	Morecambe.	Worthing.
	Rhyl.	

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competitions at Whitby and Broadstairs, are as follows:—

WHITBY.

Miss Mabel Thornhill, 22, Bagdale, Whitby.
Miss Fanny North, 176, Church-street, Whitby.
Mrs. E. E. Connell, 14, Royal-crescent, Whitby.
George Sleightholm, 7, Alexandra-road, South Woodford.

BROADSTAIRS.

Miss Sylvia D. Ward, Sunnyside Cottage, Devon-shire-terrace, Broadstairs.
Miss Marjorie Tubbs, Garth, Callis Court-road, Broadstairs.
Dr. S. Marx, Llanadern, Broadstairs.
Walter W. Winchester, 1, Victoria-gardens, Broadstairs.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Following the lead of Brighton, the Scarborough Electric Tramways Company are taking passengers "round the town for threepence."

Last night at a meeting of well-known swimming men in Manchester it was decided to take steps to perpetuate in a suitable way the memory of Captain Webb, the Channel swimmer.

Whilst bathing near the jetty at Clacton-on-Sea yesterday Frederick Grimby, a young private in the Oxfordshire Regiment, now encamped there, got out of his depth and was drowned.

For fatally stabbing his fifteen-year-old daughter in the forehead with a knife, William Alfred Hancock, a one-armed sheriff's officer, of Birkenhead, was hanged at Knutsford Gaol yesterday.

By the breaking of a fly-wheel at the Moor Works at Stockton-on-Tees of the South Durham Steel and Iron Company, Limited, nearly a thousand men are laid idle. No one was injured at the time of the accident.

Legal arguments in the test action brought by 3,000 tobaccoists against Ogdens, Limited, to recover £2,200,000 under the bonus and profit-sharing scheme of 1902, were concluded yesterday, and Mr. Justice Lawrence reserved judgment.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard, the well-known novelist, gave evidence yesterday before the Departmental Committee which is sitting at the Colonial Office, under the chairmanship of Lord Tennyson, to consider the question of Salvation Army Colonies.

PLUCKY CHANNEL SWIMMER.



Thomas William Burgess, the famous Channel swimmer, although a resident of Paris, was born in Yorkshire, and is an amateur swimmer of that county.

There were nearly two hundred applications for the position of assistant town hall porter at Stalybridge, at a salary of 24s. a week.

Just as she was on the point of receiving outdoor relief due to her, an aged widow named Betty Kay died suddenly outside the Rochdale Poor-Law Union Offices.

Seventy-eight amendments and new proposals dealing with the laws of the Order were considered by the Foresters' High Court at Newcastle yesterday, the most interesting suggestion relating to staff salaries.

King Edward has just presented Mr. London Ronald, the well-known composer, with a diamond scarf-pin in recognition of his services in connection with the concert given at Buckingham Palace in honour of the King of Spain.

On the Flamborough-road, near Bridlington, a serious trap accident was caused owing to a horse, attached to a dogcart, shying at two travelling bears who were passing. One lady, a Hull visitor, was rendered unconscious.

Armed with reaphooks, twelve old men have just given a demonstration at a farm at Broadwoodwiger (Devon) of how corn was garnered in years gone by. Many people saw them cut a field of wheat, and so long did the operation take compared with the present method that no one expressed a desire to see a return to the ways of our forefathers.

The fact that a man was seen at Blackpool on Bank Holiday was admitted as evidence of means in a judgment summons heard in the Salford Hundred Court of Record.

"I believe fifteen people identified in the Beck case, and yet they were mistaken," said Mr. Horace Smith at Westminster yesterday, when the question of a prisoner's identity was raised.

Arrangements have been made for a cricket match at Yarmouth in which the elevens will consist of veterans between the ages of fifty-five and seventy-five, who are to wear top-hats, as in the olden times.

In celebration of their golden wedding, Sir William and Lady Wilson-Todd have been presented with a handsome gift of gold plate in the Georgian style by Sir William's Welshshire (Yorkshire) parliamentary constituents.

At Barry Port (Carmarthen) this week a curate's dog took the best prize in the show, a vicar's bird secured the best prize in the poultry show, and another curate acted as judge, giving remarkable satisfaction to all exhibitors.

Mr. Ellis Griffith, M.P., in drawing the Home Secretary's attention to the fact that dogs are bred specially for the purpose of vivisection at the Brookwell Hall and other farm laboratories, intends asking if he will cause a return to be made of the number of such places where the practice is carried on.

BRILLIANT VICTORY FOR YORKSHIRE.

Lancashire Beaten by 44 Runs at Sheffield—The Last Test Match.

LEES THE UNFORTUNATE.

By F. B. WILSON

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

After an extraordinary up and down game at Sheffield, Yorkshire brought off a magnificent victory over Lancashire yesterday.

The pluck and resolution which have developed into a grand twelfth man for Yorkshire have seldom been more clearly shown than during the last three days. After being "whacked to the wide" in the vernacular, at one period of the first day, the Tykes pulled up their socks and played like giants to the end. Quite the hero of the game was Wilfred Rhodes, who not only slew nine of his opponents, but also ran up 74 good marks.

Yesterday Poidevin made a great effort for his side, and finally got 40. Though he had much trouble in keeping his stumps tidy, being nearly uprooted more than once, his performance was one of great merit considering the state of the game.

Cook also proved of great service to his side and played a man's game, lapping at everything that looked like a bad one. 20, not out, was his parcel, and had these been made half an hour earlier, Lancashire might easily have won after all.

Seldom of late years has the County Championship been in such an interesting position at this time of the season as it is now. The table reads as follows:—

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts	Percentage
Lancashire	20	11	2	7	9	69.23
Yorkshire	23	16	3	4	13	68.42
Surrey	19	12	4	3	8	50.00

Surrey have just a very thin chance of gaining premier honours, but it is one that they cannot effect themselves, bad play on the part of their opponents being their only hope.

Yorkshire and Lancashire, who exactly correspond to Surrey and Nottingham some fifteen years ago, have each five matches to play before the close of the season, a table of which may prove interesting:—

LANCASHIRE.			
v. Kent.	At Canterbury	v. Middlesex.	At Manchester
v. Gloucester.	At Bristol	v. Leicestershire.	At Manchester
v. Derby.	At Manchester		
YORKSHIRE.			
v. Surrey.	At Leeds	v. Essex.	At Leyton
v. Essex.	At Huddersfield	v. Sussex.	At Brighton
v. Middlesex.	At Bradford		

(Continued on page 14.)

FAITH IN GASLIGHT.

Investors Believe in the Future of Incandescent Lighting as Opposed to Electricity.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—The conditions prevailing are rather against the markets. Everybody left in town is thinking more of holidays than the Stock Exchange.

Peace negotiations lead to uncertainty, especially as they are likely to be protracted, and that is always the most killing thing of all on the Stock Exchange. So markets are very slack, and to-day perhaps hardly maintained their firmness of yesterday.

The gilt-edged group does not set a good example. Prices are easier, and, with Consols a little lower at 90½, there is a bad example for other sections. But nearly all recent new issues were quite firm this afternoon.

The peace negotiations show their influence in the marking down of Japan scrip to 1½ premium. People want to know what are the chances of a settlement before taking further risks.

Evidently there are believers in the future of incandescent lighting as opposed to electric lighting, and Gas Light stock keeps firm and has been put up to 102.

There is advertised the prospectus of the Nova Scotia Eastern Railway about to be constructed between Halifax Harbour through the centre of Nova Scotia, connecting with the Straits of Canzo and New Glasgow. The total length of the line will be 226 miles. There is a Government subsidy to aid the construction, and for the rest £940,000 of 5 per cent. First Mortgage Gold bonds of £100 each are being offered at 92½. The bonds will be a specific charge upon all the railway undertaking, property, and assets.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1905.

CAN ANIMALS BE HAPPY?

AT first sight the question seems to answer itself.

You know the difference between your dog in the morning when you go off to work and tell him he must stay at home; and your dog in the evening, when you open the door and whistle for him to have a run before dinner.

In the morning his drooped ear, his despondent pose of head, his motionless tail, all denote dejection, disappointment, and unhappiness. In the evening there is no question about his being happy or not. His short, sharp barks of delight, his leaps and bounds of joy, the wagging of his tail and the brightness of his faithful eye tell their own story.

Again, look at the difference between a horse turned out to grass, scampering round a meadow, kicking up its heels in an ecstasy of physical exuberance, and a horse in a London cab, on a wet day, perhaps, standing miserably in a pool of water, then staggering along under the lash of the cruel whip, finding it so hard to keep its footing on the wet street.

The one is an emblem of freedom from care, of well-being; in a word, of happiness. The other is a picture of woe.

Once more, look at your own contented cat, sitting in the sunshine or on the hearth rug purring and stretching her soft limbs with luxurious enjoyment of warmth and comfort and regular meals. Then turn your eyes upon a poor, gaunt beggar-cat in the street, glancing furtively around to see if enemies are near, shivering, crying with hunger, limping with pain in every joint. Surely the contrast is between a cat which is happy and a cat which is not.

Yet Mr. Kay Robinson, who edits "The Countryside" and knows all about nature, tells us that animals do not know what it is to be happy or unhappy, and the superintendent at the Zoological Gardens has told the *Daily Mirror* that he quite agrees.

It seems there is some subtle distinction to be drawn between "enjoying oneself" and "being happy." Animals, it is admitted, do enjoy themselves; yet "they are not conscious of happiness or unhappiness." A hard saying for those who have many friends among animals and who have studied them with affectionate interest.

If Mr. Kay Robinson merely said, "Animals do not feel sorry for themselves when they are having a bad time," one could agree with him entirely. They are not "self-conscious" as human beings are. Walt Whitman pointed out the contrast very neatly when he said he would like to be an animal because animals "do not lie awake at night bewailing their sins."

Yet, all the same, dogs know when they have done something wrong. They show it by a guilty look and attitude. Where they differ from human beings is in not worrying about it. When they have been punished, it is all over and forgotten.

They remember being unhappy. If a dog has had his nose scratched by a cat, he gives cats a wide berth ever afterwards. He recollects what his nose felt like. But the recollection does not make him unhappy over again; it only makes him cautious.

It would be a great pity to let people think animals do not suffer when they are unkindly treated. It would make them less considerate. It would tend to increase cruelty. Animals do suffer. They can be made unhappy very easily. The fact that their moods change quickly does not alter the other fact—that, when they are ill-treated or neglected, they suffer acutely for the time being.

They are like tiny children, in this respect: like our little brothers and sisters. Keep this in mind and it will help you to avoid doing anything to make them "unhappy." II.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Greatness may be present in lives whose range is very small.—*Philip Brooks*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE death of Lord Charles Pratt has caused a good deal of regret in society, for he was much known and liked. His nephew, the present Lord Camden, is one of our younger peers, and succeeded to his title in the year of his birth—when he was hardly three months old. He had, therefore, a long minority. Lord Camden's father was only thirty-one when he died. The son has very modern tastes, and has introduced a surprising number of "improvements" into the places he owns in England.

Bayham Abbey, Kent, is the best known of these. It is one of the show places of the neighbourhood of Lamberhurst, and troops of tourists are occasionally shown over and given an opportunity of dropping bits of paper and ginger-beer bottles in the grounds. Lord and Lady Camden are very popular at Tunbridge Wells, which is near one of their houses, and, together with Lord Abergavenny, have endowed the town

years." Lord Goschen then remembered that, exactly thirty years earlier, he himself had gone through the ordeal of moving the Address as successfully as his son had done that evening.

A characteristically silly season rumour is that about Mme. Eleonora Duse and M. Jean Worth—the great actress was supposed to be engaged to marry the great dressmaker. M. Worth made the dresses which Mme. Duse wore during her recent tour, and that is sufficient to account for this absurd story about the two. M. Worth is one of the sons of the Charles Worth who founded the famous French dressmaking house. M. Charles Worth was one of the most striking figures in Paris during the Second Empire. He rose to such eminence, owing to the fact that he made all the gowns of the Empress Eugénie (who was proverbially the best-dressed woman in Europe at that time), that ladies had to get a kind of letter of introduction before he would consent to clothe them.

Besides that restriction, this great artist in fashions refused to deal with customers whose

establishment of a school for acting, like the Conservatoire, in England.

Mme. Réjane herself has given a amusing account of her experiences at the Conservatoire examination. For a whole year the trembling candidates prepare a scene in which they are to display their comic or tragic powers to the judges. Mme. Réjane, who was at that time extremely poor, was dressed for her recitation in a humble plaid dress, with a little bunch of wild flowers in her bodice. She wore boots which creaked, and had altogether to struggle against a rather unfortunate equipment for the contest.

Very often there are regrettable manifestations of disappointment on the part of parents when the candidates are not awarded first prizes. I was taken by a friend to the famous hall some years ago and witnessed a kind of uproar when a certain young lady, who had acted a scene from Molière rather nervously, was only given a second prize. The relatives of the young lady had gathered in great force, and when the announcement was made by the president of the jury they hissed, hooted, and stamped on the floor with indignation. Unfavourable criticisms of the personal appearances of members of the jury were also passed in perfectly audible tones.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

I have been struck lately by the number of people who believe in ghosts or, at any rate, in spirit manifestations of some kind.

Men of science are just as ready, it appears, to accept the unseen world as anyone else (instance, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and many others).

Literary men like Mr. Andrew Lang, statesmen (Mr. Balfour himself for example), lawyers, doctors, every class includes an increasing number of believers in the "supernatural."

They usually base their belief on what others have told them—not on their own experiences.

Is there anyone among your many thousands (or, should I say, millions?) of readers who can really throw any individual light on this all-important question? THOMAS DEBITANS.

Trumpington-road, Cambridge.

RAILWAY WORKERS' SLAVERY.

Can you find room in your valuable little paper for the following diary of a railwayman's (locomotive department) work during the holidays:—Thursday, 15 hours; Friday, 16 hours; Saturday, 14 hours; Sunday, 9 hours; Monday (Bank Holiday), 17½ hours.

These hours were worked without a minute being allowed for meals at all, and on three occasions during the five days this poor man took his food home again, not having had time to eat it.

If railway directors did a little more work, perhaps their unfortunate employees would be able to get off with less. The thing is a perfect scandal. Beaufort-street, S.W. M. H. P.

SIDE-SADDLE OR ASTRIDE?

In reply to "Horsewoman," I would diligently advise her to telescope her idea from a physical point of view.

The astride method is not only physically detrimental, but very unbecoming to a woman.

Equestrian practice is the most salubrious, the most elegant of outdoor exercises for womankind, but always providing the side-saddle method be adopted. HUNTER.

Greystoke, Upper Norwood.

GARDEN CITIES NEARER LONDON.

There is plenty of unoccupied land in the direction of Palmer's Green, Edmonton, Winchmore Hill, etc., with grand old trees and extensive park-like tracts which would be cheaper and easier to get at than Letchworth for Londoners.

This hint is thrown at those who are interested in more room, more air, and more beauty for our homes. L. E. LAURIE.

Stroud Green.

LAWYER-INNKEEPER.

You ask in the *Daily Mirror* whether any other fully-qualified solicitor, besides the host of the Lambert Arms, near Aston Rowant, Oxon, keeps a public-house or inn.

Yes. In Sherburn, Yorkshire, a fully-qualified practising solicitor holds a licence and serves beer all-round to customers (or did a few years ago). Clovelly, Hampton Hill. J. WRIGHT.

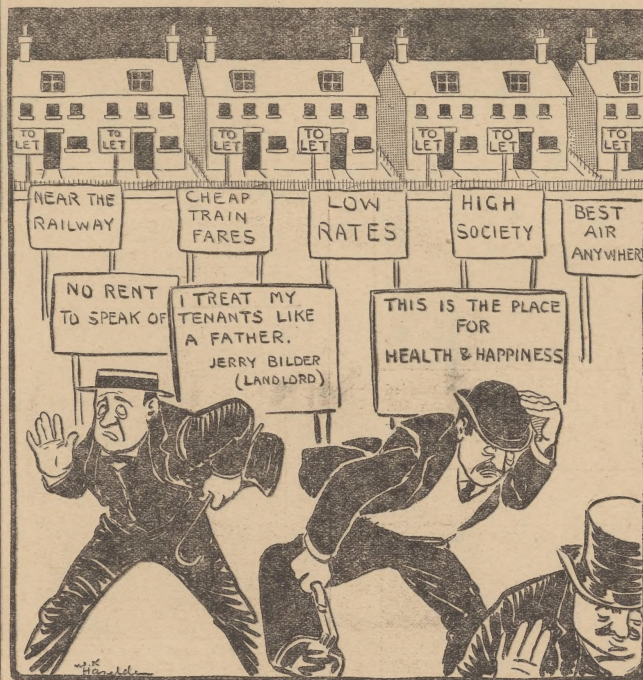
IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 9.—One of the fairest and best-loved representatives of the family of windflowers is the anemone japonica, now beginning to bloom.

Round blue flowers are coming out on the handsome globe thistle. This is an interesting and easily-cultivated plant; not only are the flowers very curious, but the leaves, silvery on the under sides, quite remarkable.

Quickly carnations fade; my "corner of sweet scents" has lost another treasured perfume. E. F. T.

OUR UNINHABITED SUBURBS.



The enormous number of houses to let in certain suburbs of London has led the local authorities and landlords to use all kinds of "puffing" methods. Even so, they cannot get inhabitants. Has the hideous uniformity of the houses anything to do with it?

with tennis courts, cricket grounds, electric lighting, and a host of other latter-day luxuries.

To-day Lord Goschen celebrates his seventy-fourth birthday, and he is to be heartily congratulated on being still so able and energetic a political fighter. It was little more than a year ago that I heard him make a great speech in favour of free trade at the Queen's Hall. The speech was admirable, and all that hampered the speaker was his bad eyesight. When he had to refer to notes or statistics he had to apply a kind of telescope to his eye, which seemed, after all, quite suitable for one who ruled so successfully over the Admiralty years ago.

It used to be said in the House of Commons that, since his wife's death, in 1898, Lord Goschen has gradually lost all interest in the changes of politics. He spoke very little during the last few years he spent in the House. Perhaps he was content to watch the progress of his son, Mr. George Goschen, for he, like Mr. Chamberlain, is one of the politicians who have promising sons to carry on the traditions of the family. Mr. Goschen was for some years private secretary to his father.

It was interesting, so I am told by one who was present, to watch Lord Goschen while his son moved the Address the year after his election. He was extremely nervous, more anxious really than the younger man himself. Mr. Goschen spoke easily and well, and friends crowded round his father afterwards to congratulate him. "Your boy's done admirably," said one of them. "I've not heard the function better performed for thirty

figures do not look as though they would show off his "creations" to advantage. Once the letter of introduction presented, however, and the approval of the chief obtained, a number of skilled assistants would fit a dress for the anxious lady chosen. When all was ready—though only pinned together—M. Worth in person, with the air of a Napoleon, would throw open the folding doors of the fitting-room and survey, in grim silence, the work of his lieutenants. Then he would advance, deep in thought, and begin to pin and unpin, unpin and pin again until all faults had been removed and an ethereal dream of silk and satin had emerged from his magical fingers.

It is curious that 1905 should have witnessed the disappearance of two famous evening papers. First of all the "St. James's Gazette" lost its own identity in that of the "Evening Standard." Its name still lives on the new title-page, but when two papers are amalgamated one must be considered dead. Now, after a rather prolonged agony, the "Echo" also has vanished, and its epitaph has been duly written by all its contemporaries of the Press.

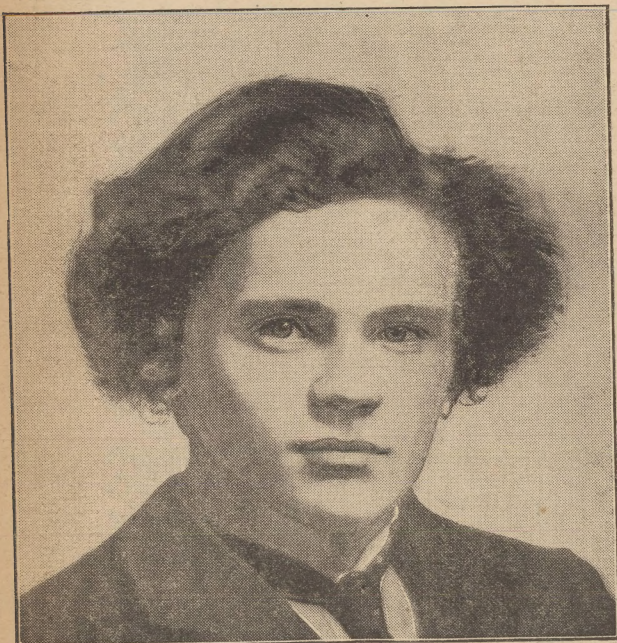
The annual examination of candidates for dramatic honours has been in full swing during the last few days at the Conservatoire in Paris. Almost all French actresses have had to pass through this ordeal—the recitation before a jury of grave literary men and a crowd of anxious mothers and fathers who generally get furiously indignant if their children be not at once recognised by this jury as dramatic geniuses of the first order. Mme. Réjane, it is well known, earnestly advocates the



NEWS BY CAMERAS

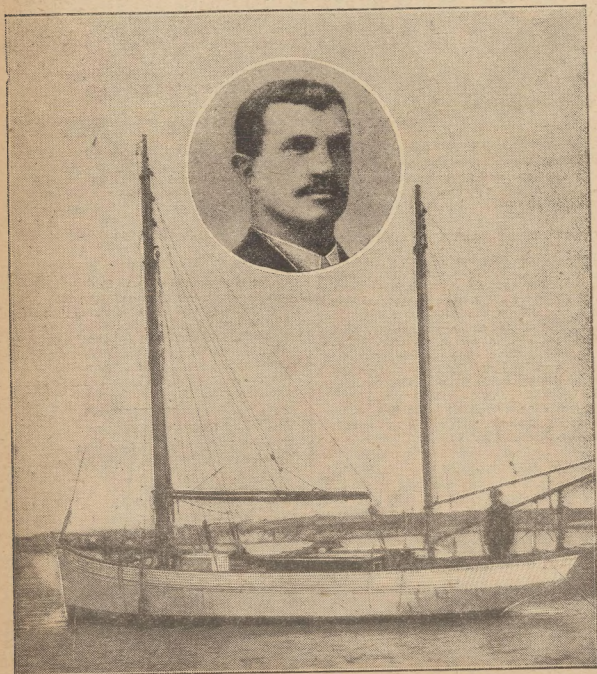


MANCHESTER PIANIST WINS WORLD'S PRIZE.



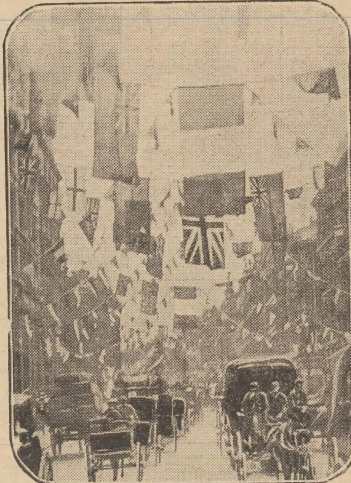
Mr. Backhaus, the young Englishman who has just won the 5,000 franc prize founded by Rubinstein for pianoforte playing at the Salle Erard in Paris. Though Mr. Backhaus is much below the age limit for competitors, the perfection of his playing astounded the jury, and he was unanimously awarded the prize.—(Histed.)

12,000 MILES IN A 9-TON BOAT.



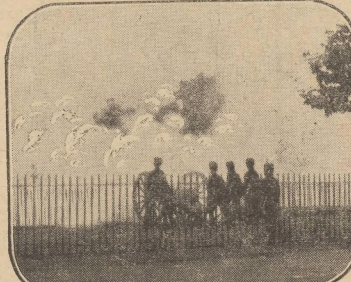
Arthur Leslie Napper, and the nine-ton ketch Brighton which he has navigated from England to Cape Town and back. The ketch has just arrived at Southampton after completing her 12,000-mile voyage. Besides her skipper, there was only one other man on board.

LONDON DECORATED.



Elaborate preparations have been made in London to welcome the French officers, who are to be entertained at the Guildhall to-day. The photograph shows the decorations in Queen Victoria-street.

CORONATION-DAY CELEBRATIONS.



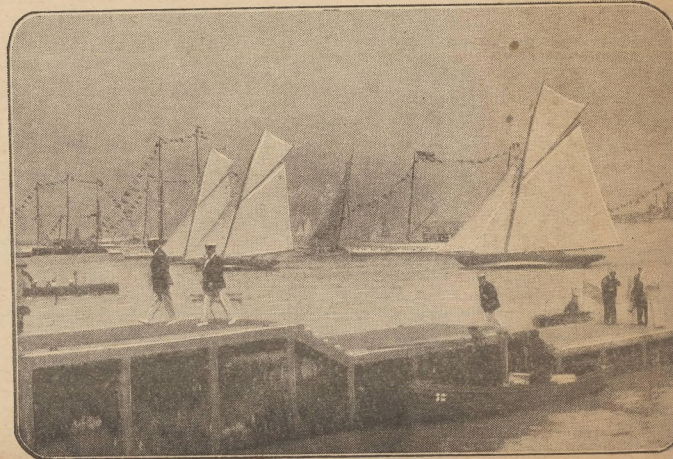
Firing the royal salute of forty-one guns in St. James's Park yesterday in celebration of the third anniversary of the Coronation of King Edward VII.

PERSONAL



The portrait group reproduced was taken is a personal and intimate friend of the named from left to right are the Marquis of Blandford.

SCENE AT THE START AND FINISH



Start of the London Sailing Club race at Cowes. The boats being of identical design and sail area, to win the prize provides a fine test of seamanship. These contests among "raters" are becoming increasingly popular among yachtsmen.

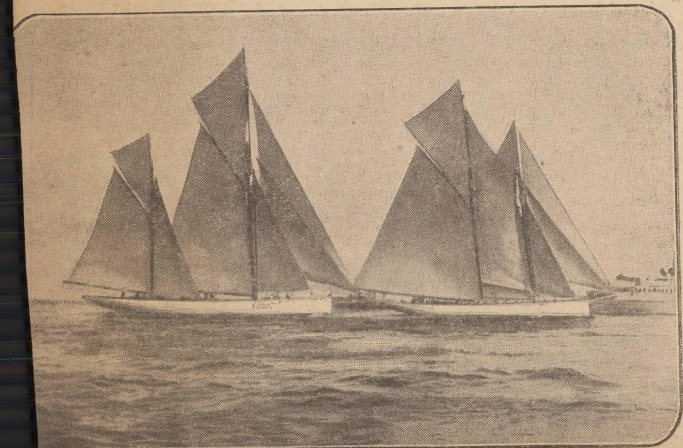
PICTURES OF EVENTS

RIENDS OF KING EDWARD AT COWES.



the Royal Yacht Squadron headquarters at Cowes, and is unique in that every member of it g. The Marquis of Ormonde, Commodore of the R.Y.S., is seated, and standing in the order e. Soveral (Portuguese Minister), Mr. Montague Guest, Mr. P. Perceval, the Hon. H. Stonor, and Sir Allan Young.

T COWES REGATTA YACHT RACES.



ish of the race for the King's Cup at Cowes. The Earl of Dunraven's ketch Cariad, on e left, won on her time allowance. The other yacht in the photograph is the German Em- or's schooner Meteor, which failed to make up the time conceded to the other competitors.

IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THESE GROUPS?



Name

Address



Name

Address

If you appear in either of these photographs mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected in each group you will receive half a guinea. The upper group was photographed at Deal and the lower one at Cleethorpes. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Florence Moss, daughter of Mr. Charles Moss, who is to be married to-day to—



—Mr. C. F. Stewart Perowne, son of the late Dr. Perowne, Bishop of Worcester.—(Langfrier.)

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DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.

BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

CHAPTER I.

The Greatest Thing in the World.

"Sabra, you are not afraid? Darling, you know what it means?"

The young man's voice shook with a painful eagerness; the cold fear was upon him of a man who has won the thing he most wants on earth and trembles lest he should see it slip from his grasp. His blue eyes searched the girl's delicate, thoughtful face as if he would compel her very soul to answer, to tell the naked truth.

Sabra Vallance smiled up into the handsome, gallant, debonaire face of her lover, that was pale now, and touched with that sternness that comes to men in the grip of a strong emotion. In her beautiful purple eyes was a light that should have been answer enough.

"What is there to be afraid of, Dick?" she asked. The man on her lips was a caress.

"Poverty," he said tersely. A little whimsical twist of her lips added to the singular sweetness of her smile.

"I have been poor all my life."

"It's worse than poverty—it's penury," Dick Dangleville said grimly. "It's linking yourself to a family that's on the down grade. I don't see any prospect of anything better. Why, our bad luck has become a tradition; round about here they all talk of 'Blanquart's Luck.' My poor old governor repeats it a hundred times a day. It's ghastly. I'd rather be a crossing-sweeper who's never been anything else. And yet here I am asking you to be my wife, and actually allowing you to accept me—you, the loveliest girl in England—"

She put up her hand and laid two white fingers on his lip, smiling a tender protest, and then she clutched his arm and said, with a beautiful play in her voice:

"Oh, look, Dick! And we talk of poverty, you and I."

They were standing at the dining-room window of the rectory, in which Sabra Vallance lived with her uncle, Canon Vallance, who ministered to the souls and bodies of the dwellers in the parish of St. Mary Magdalen, the largest, the poorest, the wickedest, and the most populous area in the grimy, manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus, in the heart of the Midlands, one of the great centres of industry of the world. The church of St. Mary stood, grey and frowning, in the very heart of some of the worst slums in England. It was called the Cathedral of the Poor. The rectory was almost next door. It was a big, quaint, weather-stained house, without a scrap of garden, and only separated by an iron railing from a mean street, with the back of a great factory building rising opposite, like a sheer wall, shutting out light and air.

The dining-room window looked on to this street, and, following Sabra's gaze, Dick Dangleville's eyes lighted on the object of her pitiful exclamation. A woman, scarcely more than a girl, clothed in the filthiest rags, with pinched, haggard features, scarcely human in their brutalised apathy, a great purplish-black bruise over one eye and half-way down her cheek, the wild light of starvation in her eyes, staggering along the dingy pavement, drunk, not with alcohol, but with the want of food, and clapping in her arms a tiny baby, muffled in rags and no larger than a doll.

"Poor soul," muttered the young man. With a quick movement, almost of shame, he fumbled in his pocket, extracted a silver coin, pushed up the lower window-sash and threw it, with dexterous aim, right at the pitiful creature's feet.

She gave a wild, hunted glance around, as if she could not believe that it was meant for her, and expected to feel a policeman's heavy hand on her shoulder for even daring to look at it. Then she caught sight of the young man and the girl in the window, the two grave, pitiful faces, each so beautiful in its way, and, obeying a sign from Dick, she stooped stiffly and picked up the coin, while the faintest glimmer of a human expression crossed her bruised, wasted face, and the thin, blackened lips moved as she muttered out:

"She blessed us, I think," said Sabra in a low voice. "It's a good omen, Dick."

"My dear, you are so brave, so wonderful," the young man drew her into the room. The yellow sunshine of a September afternoon lay brightly on the worn carpet just inside the window, but further away there was shadow, the grey shadow of a room, beautiful though shabby, with peaceful pictures on the walls, and harmonious shapes of old furniture, and a general brooding air of culture and scholarship and necessary rest snatched in the midst of an abnormally busy life.

Dick Dangleville took Sabra into his arms and kissed her passionately, and a look of exquisite content settled on her face, the lovely face so full of contradictions, in which spirituality warred with the passionate desire for life and its fulfilment, in which the fine black brows had a quaint, inquiring, upward tilt, asking eternal questions, and the mouth was demure as a saint's, in which the eyes were like clear pools of purple water, and almost painfully candid, and the short, straight nose had told of beating novels the tell of race and un-bending pride and exquisite sensitiveness.

She had loved the man for years; she had just consented to be his wife, and a moment later she freed herself gently from his embrace and, with

a grave, perplexed gesture, smoothed the glossy waves of chestnut hair back from her brow.

"Listen, Dick," she said, "I want to tell you something. I want you to understand. I don't say it will sound cold-blooded, but I suppose I am horribly cold-blooded and modern and all that. You've asked me to marry you before —"

"Every time I've seen you for the last two years," he put in impulsively.

"And I've always said no until to-day," she went on, "and I want to tell you why. It was not because I'm afraid of being poor. I've always been poor, and it wasn't because I didn't care, Dick —"

She paused for a moment, a beautiful flush of colour flooding her cheek.

The young man took her hand and covered it with kisses.

"Say it, Sabra," he whispered entreatingly.

"I love you dearly, Dick," she said bravely, a little pale now with the effort this explanation was costing to her abnormally reserved nature. "I think I have always cared for you, ever since I first met you, when I came to Stoke Magnus to live with Uncle Ambrose two years ago. —ut I thought I ought not to marry you. I thought it would be wrong and fearfully selfish. I thought I ought to sacrifice myself; Aunt Ursula is always dimming self-sacrifice into my ears and begging me to renounce the world and join her Sisterhood."

The young man gave vent to an impatient exclamation.

"Was that why you've just been and shut yourself up in the Sisterhood, behind those gloomy walls, for a whole month?" he cried, indignantly. She nodded with a tender little smile.

"I went to make up my mind whether I could live without you, Dick, and do as Aunt Ursula is always begging me to; what she says a Vallance who hasn't any money and respects herself ought to do, because, you see, that would have left you free to forget me and marry some girl with a big fortune, so that you could get back the beautiful Castle from that dreadful Mr. Swindover. It doesn't sound very nice, I know."

"It sounds horrible!" Dick cried, but there was a look of triumph on his handsome face. "But you came to the conclusion that you couldn't live without me, my Sabra?"

"Yes, Dick," the girl said, with a delicious blush. "I'm not made for self-sacrifice, and so I came back to the world, and made up my mind that if you asked me again —"

"I didn't keep you waiting long, did I?" he interrupted, with his infectious smile. "You came back from the Sisterhood this morning, and I met you in the street after lunch, and I proposed to you outside the church. And you said yes. That's all that matters, darling. And we needn't wait, need we? We'll be married as soon as ever we can."

"Your father?" The girl's voice was a little tremulous.

"Oh, Dick, won't he be angry with me? Won't he feel that you ought to have married some rich girl for the sake of your name and of the Castle? He has felt it so dreadfully. He says nothing; I know, but one can see it in his face, in all his actions."

"When we had to sell the Castle to Mr. Swindover," Dick said gravely, "it broke my father's heart. I don't suppose anybody will ever know what it meant to him; not even I, or you, darling, with all your beautiful sympathy. The man being such a fearful person made it even harder. But my father would think as I do, that it would be an even greater disgrace than having to sell the Castle, if I were to marry myself and all this is being in me, and married some woman who would be willing to sell herself for our name in order to get it back."

"Oh, I am so glad," Sabra whispered, "if you are sure your father feels like that."

"I try not to think about the Castle," said Dick very gravely. "It's no good. We shall never get it back. I can't see how we could have it. Heaven knows how he could have settled in a neighbourhood where not a soul will know him! They say he's altered the old place past recognition. It makes one ill to think of it. One of the most beautiful show houses in England desecrated by this creature's frightful vulgarity. And when it's the home of one's fathers, the place where one was born. No, it doesn't bear thinking about."

"Your father will never get over it," Sabra murmured.

Dick shook his head.

"Even I don't feel it like he does," he said. "It's eaten right into him. He's a different man. I want to get him away from here. When we are married, darling, we must try. If we have had to sell the Castle to that brute, we may as well let Dangleville Hall to a decent man. Colonel Wimpole would take it. It can't be good for the poor old governor to live there, with only the river between him and the Castle, where he can see the turrets and the tower on which the dear old house flag will never float again. It's hard to think that we shall never see the inside of our old home again, but we've got to face it. It's all that's left to us—to refuse Swindover's invitations. He fairly bombards us with them. How he can, beats me. Why, we'd rather die than speak to the brute! The governor won't even set his foot on the Castle

grounds. When he comes into the town he makes the long detour and crosses the bridge by the market rather than use the ferry opposite Danger-ville Hall and wades through the woods, where there's the right of way. I don't go as far as that. I walk on the brute's property, but I wouldn't touch his hand to save my life."

"How you hate him!" said the girl, her beautiful, speaking face flaming with sympathy. "I don't wonder. He's too awful for words. I've seen him in church, and once or twice, when he has opened a box, or a canteen show, or something. His voice makes me shudder—and his jokes! But I sometimes think," she went on slowly, "that he can't be a happy man, and perhaps he's to be pitied, really. He lives in Balliol Castle, true, and it belongs to him, but he's absolutely alone. No one here will know him, and even his children, they say, will have nothing to do with him. The boy, they say, is so awful for words, and only comes to see his father when he wants money."

"I don't know that we hate him," Dick replied. His voice was hard with the terrible hardness of youth. "I think we feel towards him as everybody about here does, only more so. He's like dirt, or mud. You don't hate them, but you avoid them, and try to forget that they exist."

The girl assented. Her whole being rose in revolt at the parvenu Croesus, although she had had no personal dealings with him at all.

"He's put Uncle Ambrose in an awful fix," she said. "Just lately. You know, he's always made a dead set at him, and invited him and me to the Castle heaps of times, but we've always managed to make some excuse. But Mr. Swindover is so awfully generous. He simply pours money into uncle's hands, for the church, for the poor—and you know how much it's needed. And then came a particularly pressing invitation to dine at the Castle next week for uncle and me; and poor uncle didn't know what to do. You see, he has taken so much—he can't resist it for his poor, although he has told me that it makes him shudder to shake hands with the man. But he thinks it wrong and unchristian to let like that. You know how gentle and sweet he is, and he says he knows nothing against Mr. Swindover. So he accepted. But now, I am sure when I tell him, he won't ask me to go."

"I couldn't bear you to," said the young man fiercely. "I can't bear to think that I've nothing to offer you, that I can never link you to my dear old home. And that's why I want to let Danger-ville Hall, and go away and forget what might have been. And I'm worried about my father, too; I want to get him away. He's getting so old; it's killing him. And I know that he's dabbling in speculations, and I guess that he's worried to death about money matters. He says nothing; I know, but I want to spare me; but I'm sure things are getting worse and worse. He's been in London so often lately. And you know, he hasn't got a bit of a head for business. And yet he lets himself in for deals with men like that brute at the Castle. How do I know that Swindover didn't lure him into all those gigantic speculations and ruin him with a deliberate and malicious design, to get our beautiful old home? Of course, I've no proof, but I can't get the idea out of my head."

"Oh, Dick!" exclaimed Sabra, in a shocked voice. "I don't think any man could be so wicked."

"Anyway," the young man went on, with a note of firmness in his ringing voice, "I want to get away. We are two ruined men, the Governor and I, and we are both of us in a fix. I'm asking you to share my life." The bright, handsome young face grew set with anguish. "Oh, Sabra, my darling, it's the act of a scoundrel!"

The girl laid her hand on his shoulder. She looked into his eyes, her own shining mistily, like violets bathed in dew.

"Dick," she whispered, "what does it matter where we are as long as we are together?" "It matters nothing," he answered, and took her into his arms again, and kissed her passionately on the lids that veiled the glorious purple eyes, and on her glossy waves of chestnut hair. "I don't mind being poor. I don't mind anything as long as I have you, my Sabra, as long as you love me, and are brave enough to link your life with mine. We will go away to London, somewhere where I can work. I must be able to get some work; I am young and strong—and I have you to work for. We will make a new life for ourselves."

"And I will help you," the girl murmured, with the glad confidence of the young to whom all things are possible. "We will fight the world together, Dick, you and I." In a few moments he was obliged to take his leave. His bicycle was in the hall, and Sabra accompanied him to the front door.

"You will tell your uncle when he comes in," Dick whispered. "And to-morrow I shall ride over and bring you the ring—the Blanquart ring, that all the promised brides of the Danglevilles have worn; and, as soon as my father comes back from London, you must come over and see me, and do with us. He will be so glad, Sabra. He loves you already as if you were his daughter. Good-bye, darling, for a little while. Soon I shall never have to say good-bye to you again."

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN,

Authors of "The Forbidden Man," "A Man in a Million," "Chance, the Juggler," etc., etc.

She watched him and waved her hand, as he rode away, a splendid, athletic young figure, with race and breeding in every line of his long limbs—an aristocrat to his finger-tips, with his graceful head and his easy carriage. A young man singularly favoured, who bore on his handsome face a stamp, not only of noble birth, but of a noble nature.

He was practically penniless, she knew. The Dangervilles had lost their splendid inheritance. A series of almost unparalleled financial reverses had culminated, two years ago, in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the most splendid estates in all England.

But what cared Sabra Vallance—Sabra, whose whole being was wrapped around with the rosy mist of love's young dream? As the Honourable Mrs. Dangerville, she would have to put her hand to the plough and work with her husband to make themselves a home; as the Viscountess Blanquart de Balliol, which, in all human probability, she would become, she would never be able to take her right place in the world. What did it matter if she and Dick were among the poor, the fallen races, the disinherited? They would have each other. He had done no wrong; there was no spot, no stain on his 'scutcheon; his shield was white; his heart was pure. With her love she would heal the wounds of adversity. They would be together. There was nothing beyond that.

The call of young rang in her ears, the call of life, the call of love.

CHAPTER II.

The Bagle with the Broken Wing.

Through the mean streets and the slums of Stoke Magnus rode Dick Dangerville on his bicycle, a forest of factory chimneys on one side, a maze of gaunt-looking tenements on the other. Then out into the broader streets, where there were tramcars and fine shops, and then through the residential quarter, squares, crescents, and tree-planted roads of substantial houses, all with clean curtains and neat blinds, many with window boxes of flowers, and a fair sprinkling with red lamps. Then a struggling suburb, the barracks, a little further on the workhouse, and then the open country.

It was a pleasant ride. Five miles of good road by the lush meadows that bordered the river—a peaceful landscape spread out for his delectation on either side, clumps of trees, here and there a pretty timbered cottage with a riotous flower-garden, a level, fertile plain leading the eye with placid admiration to the hills on the horizon. Then the short cut through the woods of Balliol, which had been a right of way from time immemorial, the passage of the river in the ferry, landing him at the very gates of Dangerville Hall.

While he was still on the high road, just before he turned off into the woods, there came a clatter of horses' hoofs coming in the opposite direction. Dick looked up and beheld, dashing towards him, an equipage calculated to startle the countryside, a carriage of the kind used for great families when they go to Court, attend State ceremonies, or entertain their sovereigns, a great high-slung barouche, painted claret, magnificent, high-stepping bays, their harness glistening with silver, coachman be-winged, footmen powdered, two more footmen perched up behind, in violet livery, with silver-laced hats and heavy silver shoulder-knots.

One glance was sufficient. Dick saw a huge figure rolling on the morocco cushions. The young man shut his lips tight, made his handsome young face into a mask of bronze, and rode on, without increasing his speed, standing deliberately in front of him, holding his head as high as a man may.

As the carriage passed him, the huge man took off his hat, and waved a fat hand effusively.

Dick looked neither to the right nor left; to judge by the expression of his face, there might have been no carriage within fifty miles, the huge man being trying to attract his attention. And, as the carriage dashed on, there floated back to his ears a short, angry, indescribably vulgar laugh.

Samuel Swindover might buy Balliol Castle; he might live there in regal state, in solitary magnificence; he might pave Canon Vallance's church with gold, causing that refined and scholarly gentleman infinite embarrassment; he might possess all the fabulous possessions, not all the illimitable power that he had gained through gold, could compel Lord Blanquart de Balliol or his son, beggared and living almost at the Castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hand.

When Dick wheeled his bicycle into the square hall of the somewhat dilapidated and tumble-down Dover House, known as Dangerville Hall, the butler came forward to meet him, a faithful retainer who had absolutely refused to desert his master, fallen on evil days.

"His lordship is in the study, Mr. Richard," he said.

"My father! He has returned, Masters?"

"A few minutes ago, Mr. Richard. You will forgive me, Mr. Richard, but his lordship does not seem well."

"I will go to him at once, Masters," said Dick.

Lord Blanquart looked up with a start as his son entered. He was an old man, but he looked much older than his years. He had turned out of an old eagle. The parchment-like skin was

stretched over his high cheek-bones; his nose was like a beak; his eyes were piercing, never at rest; his brow was furrowed with care, his white hair was scanty; his lips had forgotten how to smile. It was a grim face, bearing the stamp of indomitable pride.

"So you've got back from town, governor," said Dick cheerily.

Lord Blanquart had been poring over some papers. He looked up at his son with a strange, dazed expression in his eyes. His face was chalky white, and the long, thin, claw-like hand that groped among the papers trembled.

"You're not looking well," said Dick, with quick concern.

"Oh, it is nothing, my boy, nothing. I did a bit too much in town to-day." The old peer's voice was dull. Usually it was a fine, commanding voice, with a martial ring in it.

"I say, governor, you've come back suddenly," Dick went on eagerly. "Is there something wrong? Some beastly money matters?"

"Not more than usual, my boy," was the quiet answer.

"That's a relief," said Dick piously. "I've got some news for you. You'll be glad. Sabra has promised to marry me."

"Ah, that's good news." Lord Blanquart's eyes stared affectionately on his son's handsome face and stalwart form. "Yes, that's good news, Dick. She's a sweet girl, and a fit mate for a Dangerville."

"I knew you'd be glad. I'm as happy as a king, governor. I must bring her to see you to-morrow. But, really, you're looking awfully fagged. I'd promised to dine with Wimpole and play a game of billiards, but I don't like to leave you."

"No, my boy, by all means. I'd much rather you did. I want a good rest, that's all." There was a note of barely-concealed eagerness in the old man's voice. Dick did not notice it particularly. His father was always so pathetically anxious that he should have a good time, since he had been obliged to rob him of his inheritance.

The young man went to change his clothes, and rode over to a neighbouring house.

The old man dined alone. He ate his food mechanically. Every moment his fine face grew grimmer; his thin lips, under the bristly white moustache, locked themselves more tightly. When the butler poured out a glass of port he drained it at a draught.

Then he rose and passed out into the hall, and, taking a felt hat and a light fawn-coloured coat, he went into the garden and smoked a cigar, pacing up and down the ill-kempt lawns.

For half an hour he walked there. His head was bent. Every now and then his hands clenched as if in extreme mental anguish. Once a deep groan escaped his locked lips, as if torn from his innermost soul.

CHAPTER III.

"The Hog."

"They are to foreclose! Tell them to foreclose!"

The secretary looked up nervously.

"You know, sir—it means ruin?"

"I mean it to mean ruin."

"And the bills?"

"They are not to renew them. Write and tell them."

"You mean to ruin Lord Blanquart utterly?"

"What the blazes has it got to do with you?" shouted the fat voice furiously. "Write the letter—now, once."

The secretary bent his head and wrote. His pen moved slowly, and a little sigh escaped him. For it had this much to do with him that the man to whom these two letters would spell ruin was of his own order, for Samuel Swindover's private secretary, although he had bartered his self-respect for an enormous salary, was a gentleman and of noble birth. People said that Adolphus Courcy was the only gentleman who ever spoke to Swindover out of business hours.

Samuel Swindover was taking an after-dinner promenade in the apartment known as the King's Room, because Charles the First had occupied it while on a visit to Balliol Castle.

He was an enormous man, heavily built, running like a steam engine, standing six feet and two inches in his socks. A huge, unshapely, unwieldy, flabby mass of flesh, without an atom of muscle; Herculean shoulders that were never straight; limbs that seemed perpetually in their owner's way. His head was big; a great domed cranium, covered with lanky hair of a darkish-red, rusty hue. The face was puffy, with penulous jaw, a great prominent fleshy nose, small, deep-set cunning eyes, a curious shade of brown, full of yellow flecks, and the mouth, though large and coarse lipped, seemed to disappear into a slit among the rolls of fat that surrounded it. The complexion was of a livid, unhealthy pallor, and the face was clean-shaven but for a tuft of reddish hair in the middle of the chin.

It was a disagreeable, coarse, unsurpassably vulgar face. It gave no hint of the power that had raised the man from the gutter to the control of more great financial enterprises than any other man of his day. What made it even more repulsive than its livid flabbiness and aggressive coarseness, was its cold, cunning, crafty, cruel light in small, yellow-flecked eyes, and the eternal smile

of triumphant complacency that parted the lips and displayed the big, discoloured teeth.

The vulgarity of the man's appearance was enhanced a thousand times by his attire. The very glossiness of his dress-coat, the immaculate whiteness of his linen, seemed to add to it, and his passion for ostentatious display ran riot in his choice of jewellery, the monstrous gold cable that meandered across his vast expanse of white waistcoat, the three huge pearls in his shirt front, the cabochon rubies in his cuffs, the blazing diamonds that adorned three fat fingers of his flabby, freckled hands.

Such was the outward form of Samuel Swindover, who represented in his huge person that rare and almost incredible phenomenon, a millionaire who had not a single friend.

The room reflected his personality. It was a noble apartment of magnificent proportions, which had been overlaid with vulgarity put on with a trowel. The beautiful panelling and for the most part disappeared under hangings of yellow velvet tied up with golden cords; the three tall windows were draped voluminously with shimmering, heavy cloth of gold. Modern pictures of glaring colour hung on the walls; the splendid old carved ceiling had been repainted and heavily gilded; all the most flamboyant pieces of gilt French furniture and baroque ornaments from the rooms of the castle; soulless and fantastic modern marbles and bronze stood on pedestals; palms towered to the ceiling; a large gardenia tree in full bloom, in one corner, filled the close, heated atmosphere with its heavy, sickly scent. Only the beautiful carved oak fireplace was left, in its chaste purity of line and dark dignity, a quiet protest against the baroque vandalism that had thus transformed the room. But even here the hand of the "restorer" had been busy. The modern Cressus had allowed the mantelpiece to remain, because it bore in delicate carving the arms and the proud motto of Blanquart de Balliol, but he had had the splendid heraldic device painted in brilliant colours and encircled in gold, and above it he had put the final insult on that line of famous soldiers and gallant gentlemen who had built themselves the lordly castle, in the shape of an enormous monogram—two interlaced S's in solid gold.

He had chosen the room as his workroom because a King of England had signed State documents there. Even the firm of decorators had ventured to remonstrate at the hopeless vandalism, but Sam Swindover "knew what he liked," and, of course, he had his way.

Swindover stopped suddenly in his heavy walk. The floor of an ordinary room would have trembled under his gargantuan bulk.

"Ain't those letters finished yet, Courcy?" he asked gruffly and authoritatively. His ordinary manner to his fellow-men was effusively and patronisingly familiar. It had made him the best-hated man in England. The heavy playfulness, the coarse, incessant brag, the trick of adorning his rings, of calling constant attention to his houses, his motor-cars, his horses, the brutal callousness with which he would get the better of a man, and then laugh in his face—all this sickened even the men who would have toiled to him for the sake of his wealth. In Throgmorton-street, at Lloyds, in all the places where men of business congregated he was known as "The Hog."

He had been rigorously excluded from every club to which he had attempted to gain admittance. There were many great names on the boards of his companies; he had made the fortunes of several very well-known noblemen, but not one of them would have introduced "The Hog" to his wife.

To be so splendid and to be tyrannical, intolerably insolent. It pleased him to tyrannise over a man whom his servants even respected more than they respected himself. Adolphus Courcy had his own reasons for putting up with treatment such as the average stockbroker would not mete out to his office-boy.

He rose now, pushing his heavily-gilded chair away from the heavily-gilded table, and handed two letters to his employee.

Swindover read them through, with many fat, rolling chuckles deep in his throat.

"That'll settle his lordship's hash, I fancy," he said aloud. All the man's vulgarity of person and of mind seemed to be concentrated in his voice. It was thick, superhumanly self-satisfied, inconceivably irritating. There was not a living soul whom it did not rub up the wrong way.

"I suppose," said Adolphus Courcy, with some hesitation, "I suppose, sir, you are quite determined?"

"Determined! What are you talking about, you young jackanapes?" asked Swindover angrily, turning his cruel little eyes on the well-groomed, distinguished-looking young man. "Isn't it what I've been arranging for months? A nice little eye-opener for his lordship, when he finds that the man who holds the mortgage on his rotten old barn, and the other man who holds his bills, that he can't possibly meet, are both of 'em me—his dear old friend, Sam Swindover—eh, what?"

It seems hard, murmured the secretary. For the time the help could not help uttering this very mild little protest against the fate of the old man of his own class who was to be crushed, as he had seen so many men crushed, between the giant

(Continued on page 13.)

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Antipon is a perfect home treatment, and may be followed without observation. No irksome dietary limitations need call attention to the fact that a person is following any special régime. No exercises, no drugging, no sweating are necessary. It is just a simple, easy, and pleasant course of a few weeks' duration, and involves nothing more terrifying than an occasional dose of an agreeable, refreshing, tonic liquid. Within a day and a night of the first dose Antipon asserts its power by a reduction ranging from 8oz. to 3lb., according to the degree of obesity. Thenceforward the gradual decrease is certain, and when normal conditions of weight and

symmetry are restored, the doses may cease. The annoying tendency to gain flesh, notwithstanding the most drastic dietary rules, is permanently minimised. The reductive effect of Antipon is properly proportionate over the entire body—the waist becomes slender, the hips normal, the limbs firm and rounded. Antipon as a tonic, increasing appetite and stimulating the digestive system, is quite as remarkable as Antipon the fat reducer. In fact, food is necessary to the treatment, so that, while the superfluous and diseased fat is being eliminated the system is being built up anew. To follow a course of Antipon means to regain vigour and strength, to look years younger, and to enjoy with zest the wholesome outdoor recreations that keep one fit and well.

This great remedy is free from any suspicion of mineral substances; it is perfectly harmless, causes no discomfort whatever, and may be taken by anyone in the strictest privacy.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., or, in the event of difficulty, may be obtained (on forwarding amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

The "Illustrated Mail" in July 15th issue says:—

As a really efficacious permanent cure for obesity, Antipon is all that could be desired. First of all, it is unmistakably a radical cure for the disease. Secondly, it is agreeable to take, perfectly harmless, and need not be supplemented by any sort of general treatment, such as fatiguing exercises, sweating, incessant cathartics, etc. Antipon is a remedy in itself and needs no troublesome dietary or other restrictions. In fact, there need be no change from one's ordinary mode of prudent living. Antipon will do the necessary reductive work quickly and effectually, and once normal weight and size are arrived at the doses may be abandoned without fear of a relapse. The cure is permanent. Antipon reduces weight from the very first doses (from 8oz. to 3lb. during the first day and night), and the decrease proceeds pleasantly and unobtrusively—quite magically, in fact—until the desired result is achieved. Antipon cures a general tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger in muscle and nerve, and feels and looks many years younger.

Positively Sure

in its beneficial results, even in the most obstinate cases of obesity, Antipon has come to be recognised by the most competent authorities as the standard remedy for the permanent cure of corpulence. This is not all, however. Antipon not only eliminates all superfluous and diseased fatty deposits, and destroys the distressing tendency to make fat, but it acts as a valuable tonic, and thus restores strength and vitality.

ANTIPON PROMOTES APPETITE

and perfects the digestive process. Stout persons are too often troubled with dyspepsia, biliousness, headaches, excessive sweating and constipation. It will therefore be seen how important a feature in the Antipon treatment is its beneficent effect upon the digestive organs. The increased amount of wholesome, properly digested nourishment assimilated goes to enrich the impoverished, fat-impregnated blood, and solidify the flabby muscular tissue. Antipon also helps to restore nerve-force, increasing energy, brain-power, stamina. Thus, in every respect, is Antipon

A PERFECT RENOVATOR,

for it gives back with absolute certainty physical beauty—that is, beauty of figure, the original purity of facial outline, and restores at the same time the vigour of youth, the grace of movement, the elastic step, the alert bearing, to which the over-stout are most often strangers.

Antipon is quite harmless. Its ingredients are wholly herbal and cause no physical discomfort whatever. A liquid tonic of a (red) wine-like appearance, it is pleasantly tart and refreshing to

the palate. It is neither aperient nor constipating, and is essentially an

UNRIVALED HOME TREATMENT

which can be followed without any second person being aware that a special treatment is being undergone.

Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a decrease, which varies, according to the individual case, constitutional conditions, age, and so on, between 8oz. and 3lb. This is followed by a steady and reliable daily reduction until the proper standard of weight for health, with elegant proportions, is reached. The decrease, be it understood, is not merely abdominal, but is admirably proportioned over the entire body,

FACE AND FIGURE.

Antipon has a tonic effect upon the skin, which becomes pure and acts with natural freedom, thus helping in the elimination of impurities from the system; the complexion becomes rosy with health; the muscles of the whole body become firm and shapely.

One of the dangers of the obese condition is the clogging of the organic tissues with superabundant fatty matter. The heart, the liver, the kidneys become impeded in their functional activity, and too often the worst results ensue. Antipon clears away all this semi-diseased mass of fatty matter, and the vital organs again act in a natural way. Profuse sweating, difficulty in breathing, and other symptoms of fatty degeneration disappear, with untold benefit to the general health.

Finally, Antipon is not an expensive treatment. The doses required are comparatively small, and the cost is moderate. Amongst the hundreds of testimonials filed for reference at the offices of the Antipon Company, this feature of economy in use is frequently alluded to.

Antipon may be had at any Chemists, Stores, etc., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance), post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

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The extraordinary demand for Antipon in every civilised country in the world points significantly to the fact that prior to the discovery of this wonderful specific for the permanent cure of obesity there can have been no remedy which was ever really successful in coping with the dreaded condition of excessive stoutness. Remedies, so-called, have existed from time immemorial, but in most cases they were worse than the disease they were intended to cure. It is appalling to think how many thousands of sound constitutions have been ruined by the old-time methods of reducing weight by half-starving the body and poisoning it at the same time with mineral drugs and other injurious substances. The world may thank—and *does* thank—the discoverers of the pleasant, harmless, and always reliable Antipon treatment for putting an end to that sacrifice of health and strength. That the world is grateful may be seen by the countless letters from men and women in every quarter of the globe who have written to thank the Antipon Company for the marvellous benefits resulting from a course of Antipon. It is not merely as a sure reducer of weight that Antipon has been so remarkably successful; it is the grand tonic effect it has upon the whole system, increasing strength and vitality, which has made it the king of corpulence cures. Antipon promotes appetite and tones up the digestive system, and as there is no reason to stint the supply of wholesome nourishment during or after the course of treatment, it stands to reason that the subject gets daily stronger and more energetic. An active life becomes once more a stimulus and a pleasure; and increased muscular development, greater nerve-power and brain-force make both work and outdoor recreation delightful. Antipon reduces weight from the beginning. Within a day and a night of first dose something between 8oz. and 3lb. (according to the individual case) will be lost, and this will be followed by a sure and steady daily decrease until normal weight and graceful proportions are restored. The limbs will become firm and shapely, the double chin will subside—briefly, every part of the body will be benefited. Another thing to be considered is the removal of the dangerous growths of fat which weaken the action of the vital organs, causing weak heart, palpitation, feeble circulation, fainting, difficult breathing, and alarming symptoms. During a 'safe' course of Antipon these troubles will completely disappear, and the subject will grow younger in appearance and vigour and brightness every day. When satisfactory proportions are restored the doses need not be kept up, the cure being lasting. Truly, no stout person should fail to give Antipon a chance, however persistent and excessive the stoutness may be.

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"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay.
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(Mrs.) "F. M. S.—"

An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes: "I am trying it (Antipon) in a serious case of a man weighing sixteen stone, short, and with heart affection. He already has lost three stone."

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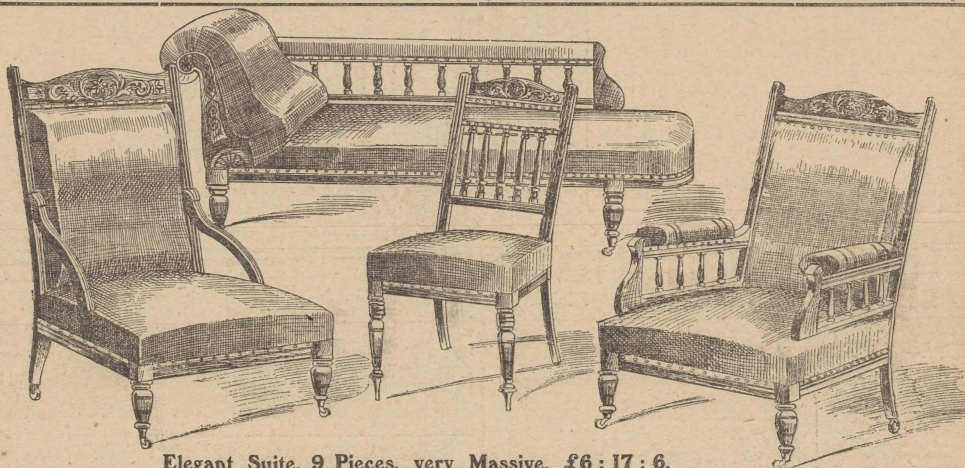
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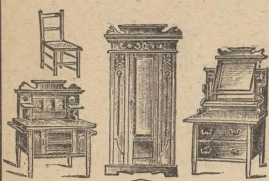
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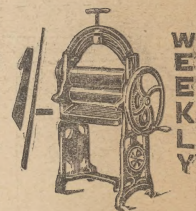


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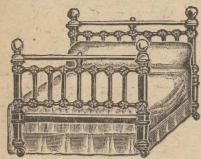
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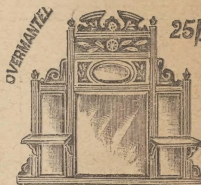
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